







# THE DOLPHIN.

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## IRISH CHURCH MUSIC.

### IV.—THE MEDIÆVAL PERIOD.

IN the opening years of the eleventh century, Irish monks were still imbued with the perfervid love of making pilgrimages, and planting the gospel of Christ all over the Continent. The musical sons of St. Patrick, St. Columcille and St. Gall, availed of the mistress of the arts to win souls to the true Church. Our Irish St. Helias, a native of Monaghan (diocese of Clogher) was elected Abbot of Cologne in 1015. He was the bosom friend of St. Heribert, and ruled the two monasteries of St. Martin's and St. Pantaleon's from 1015 to 1040. Mabillon tells us that not only was St. Helias a most distinguished musician, but that he was "*the first to introduce the Roman chant to Cologne*," and he is, most probably, "the stranger and pilgrim" to whom Berno of Reichenau dedicated his well-known musical work, *The Laws of Symphony and Tone*.<sup>1</sup>

I have previously mentioned that the old Irish ogham scale suggested the one-line stave, and, about the year 900 we find the Irish monks of St. Gall employing this simple device which determined the *intervals* with greater exactness. This Irish invention consisted of drawing a red line horizontally across the parchment over the words which demanded a musical setting, and the letter "F" was placed at the beginning of it, meaning an F line, that is to say, indicating the nomenclature of all the neums on the line as F, thus affording a basis for musical pitch. From this was naturally evolved the four-line staff or stave, the "C" and "A" lines having been added in the eleventh century.

<sup>1</sup> Mabillon, *Annales Benedictinorum*, tom. IV, p. 297.

The famous Guido of Arezzo (born in 995, and died on May 17, 1050), Benedictine Prior of the Monastery of Avellina, perfected the gamut of twenty sounds, and improved diaphony. He devised the hexachordal scale, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*, from the first syllables of the Hymn to St. John the Baptist, commencing "Ut queant laxis." It is not a little remarkable that the melody to which this hymn was sung before Guido's time was not an original one, but had been, years before, composed for an Ode of Horace, commencing "Est mihi nonus," and which is to be met with in a Montpellier MS. of the tenth century. It is admitted that the oldest manuscripts of Horace were glossed or annotated by Irishmen,<sup>2</sup> and the melody in question is shot through and through with the dominant characteristics of old Irish folk-music. This interesting fact strengthens the view previously put forward that many Irish melodies were similarly utilized or "adapted" by Irish scribes in various copies of the service books from the eighth to the twelfth century.

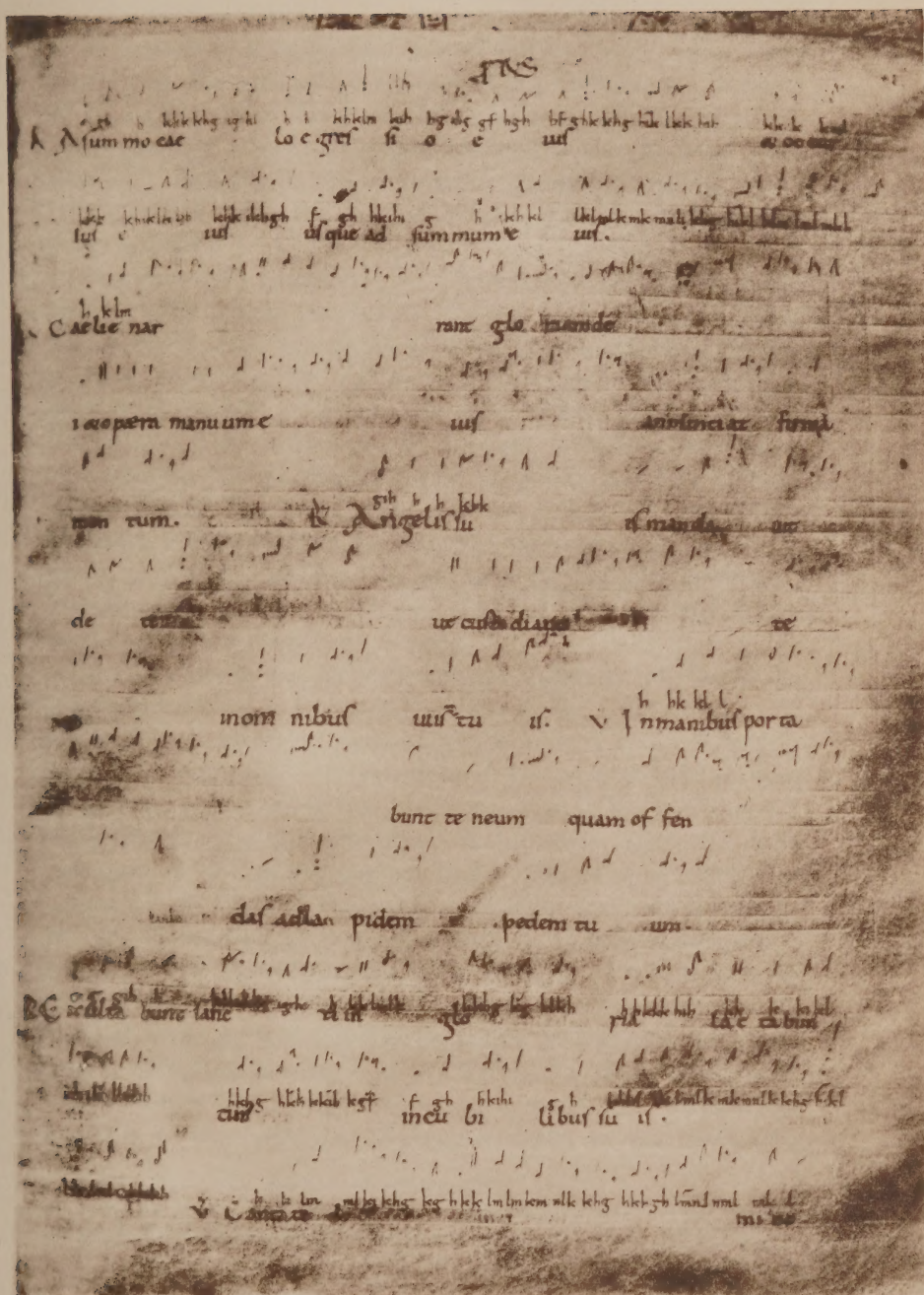
In a rare vellum manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin (H. 3, 18), there is an extract given from an *Irish* tract written about the year 1215, which exhibits a full knowledge of the Guidonian system, and discusses at great length the etymology of the syllables *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*. A translation of this extract is given by Dr. W. K. Sullivan, in his introduction to O'Curry's "Lectures."

As the Irish influence seems to have been felt in the making of the Montpellier manuscripts, I give here a facsimile page from a rare music score of the eleventh century.

O'Curry says that we have Irish lyrics of the ninth century that will sing to some of our old melodies; and he quotes a boat-song by Cormac MacCullenain, Prince Bishop of Cashel, who was slain in 908, which was apparently written for the melody *Ar Eirinn ni neosainu ce hi* ("For Ireland, I would not tell her name"). Let me add that the first Ode of Horace sings admirably to the Irish melody *Tainse am chodhla 'sna duisig me* ("I am asleep and don't waken me"), the tune of which was printed by Playford in 1651.

<sup>2</sup> Cicero expressed his regret that his youth did not permit him to hear the Gallic Plotius, the famous rhetorician. He wrote some verses modelled on Irish verse-structure.









The great monastery of St. Peter, at Ratisbon, was established by Muredach (Marianus) Mac Robertagh in 1076. This Ulster family were the ancestral custodians of the Cathach or "battler" of St. Columcille,—the book for which, as Dr. Hyde writes, "three thousand warriors fought and fell in the Battle of Coal-dreona." Muiredach was a marvellous scribe, and he copied Graduals and Psalters with musical notation. He died on February 9, 1088.<sup>3</sup>

Another Irish monastery, St. James's, was founded at Ratisbon, an offshoot from St. Peter's, in 1090, with Duima, or Dominus, a monk from the South of Ireland, as first abbot. It was built, as is stated in the *Chronicon Ratisbonense*, "by funds supplied from Ireland to Denis, the Irish Abbot of St. Peter's at Ratisbon." This was in 1128. In time, Würzburg was colonized from St. James's, Ratisbon, and its history has been told by Trithemius of Spanheim, who died as Abbot of Würzburg. Macarius, a distinguished Irish monk, was first abbot, at whose death, in 1153, "a choir of angels sang in sweetest harmony." Needless to add that the "Celtic note" at Ratisbon and Würzburg was for long much in evidence.<sup>4</sup>

At the close of the eleventh century it became the fashion to adapt a second or contrapuntal melody to the *canto fermo*. As amply and conclusively supporting this view, I may confidently quote the "organized" arrangement of *Ut tuo propitiatus*, written by an Irish scribe about the year 1095, now in the Bodleian Library (Bodley, 572). Professor Wooldridge says this Irish "ground" is one of the earliest known examples of "irregular organum" in *contrary movement*, employing, too, "an independent use of dissonances." It is written in alphabetic notation, a system which dates from the tenth century, of which Gevaert gives six forms. The hymn itself is a portion of the hymn to St. Stephen, and was very popular, especially in England and Scotland, a variant of it being found in the Sarum Antiphony. In 1897 Professor Wooldridge was of opinion that the musical setting was of the tenth century, but, in 1901, as the result of a

<sup>3</sup> *Acta Sanctorum*. Febr., t. II, pp. 365-372.

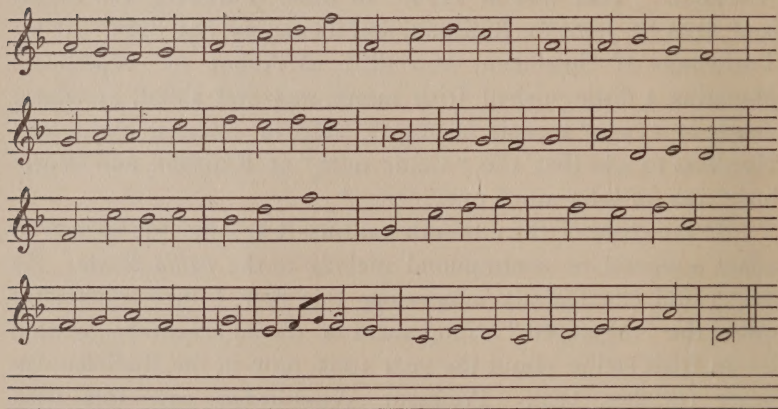
<sup>4</sup> Otfried, the introducer of rhyme into High German, in the ninth century, was taught by the Irish monks of St. Gall.

more critical examination, he agrees with the experts who assign its composition as of the eleventh century, or certainly not later than the year 1100.

The score of the "organal," or contrapuntal part, as stated in a learned article by Dr. Oscar Fleischer, in the *Vierteljahrsschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (1890), is really an adaptation, or setting, of "a Gaelic folk-song, afterwards worked upon by a learned composer of that period," the melody being "in a scale of the pentatonic character." Reproduced here will be found a *fac-simile* page of the translated modern version of this ancient Irish melody, from the reconstruction as given by Dr. Fleischer.

## Ut Tuo Propitius

CIR. 1095. BODL. MS.



In 1096, Gillebert, Bishop of Limerick, sought to bring the Irish Church discipline as far as possible into conformity with that of Rome. He was appointed Papal Legate by Blessed Urban II, and wrote two tracts, *De Usu Ecclesiastico* and *De Statu Ecclesiae*. In the former work he tells us that there was a great diversity and variety in the Church offices in Ireland, so much so that even a learned cleric, accustomed to one particular form of liturgy, would be quite bewildered in a neighboring diocese, where a different *use* obtained.

It is merely necessary to remark that the Scandinavian troubles of nearly three hundred years had left very little oppor-



tunity for the cultivation of Church Music in Ireland. All our ancient writers are at one in describing the terrible vandalism committed by the Danes in the Island of saints and scholars. Keating distinctly assures us, in his *Forus feasa ar Eirinn*, that the Norsemen sought to destroy all learning and art in Ireland. His words are terse: "No scholars, no clerics, no books, no holy relics, were left in church or monastery through dread of them. Neither bard, nor philosopher, nor musician pursued his wonted profession in the land."

Gillebert, however, did not succeed in persuading the various churches to adopt a uniformity in liturgy, and the intrusion of *erenachs* into the primacy caused much sorrow in the Irish Church, as St. Bernard testifies. At length, in the year 1111 a great Synod was held, under the joint presidency of Cellach (Celsus), Archbishop of Armagh, and Maelmurry O'Dunan, Archbishop of Cashel, at Usneagh, Westmeath. Several disciplinary canons were enacted, but the liturgical chant was not legislated for. Nine years later, however, namely in 1120, St. Moelmhaodhog<sup>5</sup> O'Morgair, or St. Malachy, who had been ordained priest by Archbishop Cellach (Celsus), made several reforms in Church Music, notably the *uniform singing of the canonical hours throughout the Archdiocese of Armagh*. St. Bernard assures us that as a boy St. Malachy had learned music from St. Ivor O'Hagan, of Armagh, and, in the first years of his priesthood, he instructed numerous disciples in plain chant. His own father had been "chief lector at Armagh and of all the west of Europe" (as the *Four Masters* state), whose death occurred, in 1102, at the Monastery of Mun-gret County, Limerick.

The erection of the Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, for the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, at Armagh, was a notable landmark, inasmuch as St. Ivor sedulously cultivated Church Music therein. The first stone church (*damliag*, Anglicised duleek) of the abbey was consecrated by Primate Cellach on October 21, 1126. This prelate died at Ardpatrik, Limerick, on April 1, 1129, and was interred at Lismore, Waterford, three

<sup>5</sup> The Irish name Moel Mhaodhog means "dedicated to Mogue"—(literally "the tonsured of Mogue"), as the child was dedicated to St. Mogue (Mo-Aedh-og), first Bishop of Ferns.

days later, in the *Reilig episcoporum*, or cemetery of the bishops. Four years later, Ivor O'Hagan, Abbot of SS. Peter and Paul, Armagh, went to Rome on a pilgrimage, and died in the Eternal City, on August 13, 1134.

Meantime, from 1121 to 1123, St. Malachy spent two years at the famous University of Lismore, under St. Malachus, an Irish monk, who had studied at Winchester, and was Bishop of Lismore. Naturally, St. Malachy learned the *Roman chant* as sung at Winchester from St. Malachus, and thus it happened that he was enabled to introduce the glorious chant of St. Gregory at Bangor and Armagh. In 1124, being then Abbot of Bangor, St. Malachy was consecrated Bishop of Connor, and ruled his See from the ancient abbey hallowed by memories of St. Comgall, St. Columbanus, and St. Gall. In order to perfect himself in the science of the saints, and also in Gregorian chant as sung at Winchester, St. Malachy paid a second visit to St. Malachus, at Lismore, in 1127; and whilst there acted as the confessor, or "soul-friend" (as the Irish annalists beautifully express it) of King Cormac Mac Carthy, of Cashel, Prince of Munster. Finally, in 1132, St. Malachy was appointed Archbishop of Armagh, but did not enter the primatial city till the death (after "the victory of penance") of the intruder Murrough, on September 17, 1134. He immediately made a visitation of Munster and obtained the customary tribute given to the Primates of Armagh. Owing to various troubles St. Malachy resigned the primacy in 1137, in favor of St. Gilla Mac Liag, or Gelesius, Abbot of Derry, and he himself retired to Downpatrick, being content with the bishopric of Down, after he had consecrated one of his disciples as Bishop of Connor.

The Roman chant had now been adopted in the dioceses of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, Limerick, Down, Connor, Waterford, Cork, and Lismore. Moreover, at this date (1134) the bishops of Dublin, Waterford and Cork—being Dano-Celtic Sees—acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and hence adopted the Anglo-Norman form of the Gregorian chant.

At the consecration of the exquisite church known as "Cormac's Chapel," at Cashel, in 1134, a copy of the Winchester *Troparium* is said to have been used. It may be therefore of inter-



est to reproduce here a leaf from the Winchester Troper of the eleventh century,—which Troper is now preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

St. Malachy had, during nineteen years, that is, from 1120 to 1139, done much to further plain chant, yet he longed to visit Rome to hear for himself the purest traditions of the song of St. Gregory. Accordingly, in 1139, he set out for the Eternal City by way of Scotland and York and France, visiting Clairvaux, as St. Bernard relates. Pope Innocent II, however, not only declined to allow him to resign his See, but appointed him Apostolic Legate in Ireland,<sup>6</sup> and granted his request to confirm the metropolitan rank of the see of Cashel. On his return journey St. Malachy left five of his Irish disciples, including Christian O'Condoirche at Clairvaux to be brought up as Cistercians, and at the close of 1141, he dispatched another band to be trained by St. Bernard.

The year 1142 is memorable for the foundation of Mellifont Abbey (County Louth) for Cistercians, and Christian O'Condoirche was appointed first abbot. This foundation gave an impetus to Gregorian chant, as Christian had been a fellow-novice with Pope Eugene III. This impetus was strengthened by the filiation of the Abbey of Bective (County Louth), in 1144, and that of Newry, in 1150, as also by the fact that the Benedictines of Dublin became Cistercians in 1148.

As a result of the Synod of Holmpatrick (County Dublin) in 1148 St. Malachy was commissioned to go to Rome to obtain the privilege of palliums for the four Sees of Armagh, Cashel, Dublin, and Tuam. Before setting out he consecrated (as Legate) the Abbey Church of SS. Peter and Paul, at Knock (County Louth), a foundation due to Bishop O'Kelly, of Clogher, and Prince Donogh O'Carroll. He arrived at Clairvaux, in October, 1148, and died in the arms of St. Bernard on November 25th of the same year.

Although St. Malachy died before the fulfilment of his mission, Pope Eugene III granted the four palliums to Ireland in 1150, and sent Cardinal John Paparo with them, at the same time

<sup>6</sup> Gillebert, Bishop of Limerick, who had been Legate from 1100 to 1139, resigned the office through old age.

appointing Christian, Abbot of Mellifont, as Bishop of Lismore, and Papal Legate in Ireland. St. Christian presided at the historic Synod of Killo, which opened on March 6, 1152, at which assisted Cardinal Paparo, and thirty seven Irish prelates, including the Primate, Gelasius. The boundaries of the dioceses were more clearly defined, and the number of Sees were fixed at thirty-eight.

During the first half of the twelfth century Irish missionaries were full of activity on the Continent. Erfurt was founded by them in 1136; Oels in Silesia, in 1140; Konstanz in 1142; Hegbach, in 1144, Vienna, in 1158; Memmingen, in 1166, etc. Henry, Duke of Austria, when inviting the Irish monks of Ratisbon to open a house at Vienna (St. Mary's), expressly laid it down that it was to be governed and inhabited solely by Irishmen.<sup>7</sup>

In the new organum of the eleventh century we find in use dissonances of the major and minor third and major sixth, and even the second and the seventh, as well as concords. At the close of this century and during the first half of the twelfth century, many examples are preserved of hymns and songs containing "imitation" passages, which gave rise to the Rondel. Unfortunately, this new organum opened the way for grave abuses, as the contrapuntal themes and the very themes themselves were taken from secular songs, and interwoven with the *canto fermo*, such that it was often impossible to recognize the original melodies. No wonder that, in 1150, the Cistercians and others endeavored to put down these abuses. Let me quote the following vigorous condemnation of such innovations by Aelred, Cistercian Abbot of Rivaulx, in Yorkshire,<sup>8</sup> whom Professor Dickinson of Oberlin College incorrectly styled "Oelred, the Scottish Abbot of Riverby"—who died in 1166: "One man sings bass, another alto, a third treble, and a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certain notes. At one time the voice is strained, at another it is subdued, now again it is bellowed forth, and again with a still louder sound. Sometimes, I am ashamed to say, it is as the neighing of a horse, and sometimes again, the masculine vigor being laid aside, it becomes as shrill as a female voice, whilst anon

<sup>7</sup> "Sub monastica regula ad eamdem nostram fundationem novellam *solos elegimus Hibernienses*."

<sup>8</sup> British Museum MSS., Reg. S. B 9. (*Speculum Charitatis*.)



ITEM ALIO.

**G**ALATI CELSA DEI IOHANNIS PEC

tus admirantur. I. imed. Vnde

salustius fluxerunt dogmata

vitae. I. et implet. Hocque docere

pariti docuit verbum caro facium.

**S**OLA. Vltima parit. AD REDELI

ONS ET ORIGO SAPIENTIAE

**F**AD PROPAGANDO SUAE DIVINITATIS

ardania. I. in medio. Vnde influenta

euangelii de ipso sacro pectore

haurit. I. et implet. Vnde inquit

quoque uerbo uicari unigeni

filium conferens. S. sola. I. uisus

ut palam sit. AD I. T. R. O. I. T. V.

MO. ANGLO. R. W. ET GAL. V. I. D. A.

xpianus iohannem dicitur. I. d.

medit. Quo pandetur amantibus

luc gentibus uerbi dei. I. et implet.

**E**thnic ad alexandrum hodie docet

con uinum. S. sola.

**AD PELLERIORI.**

**Q**UOD DOMINI CALUS ME VULT

pellamus ouantes. I. uisus. V.

**V**ltima quissimum uicax deprim

seru orbi. I. uicax. V. uisus. V.

**F**aciunt uicaxime xpianus uicax.

**N**unc quia pascit uicax uicax.

**I**tem pascit. I. eum est. V. uicax

**U**ltima uicax uicax uicax.

**U**ltima uicax uicax uicax.





with a certain falsetto it is completely transformed. Not infrequently do you see the singer with open mouth, not to sing, but, as it were, to breathe forth his last gasp, by holding in his breath, and by a certain ridiculous movement to threaten silence, as it were, and now again to imitate the agonies of a dying man or the tortures of a suffering person."

The great St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, dissatisfied with the Dano-Celtic system of liturgical chant, introduced the Arroasian Canons of the Order of St. Victor—a reform of the Augustinians—into Dublin, in 1165. These monks sang the Divine Office daily, presided over by the Archbishop himself.

In 1165, at the Irish Abbey of Knock, County Louth, we read of the excellent music and singing of the monks. Donogh O'Carroll, Prince of Oriel, the founder of this abbey, also supplied a complete set of liturgical books, Antiphonaries as well as Missals, copied by an Irish scribe. This prince died in January, 1170, as is stated in the *Annals of Ulster*.

At a Synod held at Clane (County Kildare) in 1162, it was decreed that no person should be admitted to be a lector of divinity who had not been a student of Armagh University; and, in 1169, Roderic O'Connor, King of Ireland, gave an annual grant of ten cows from himself and from every king after him in perpetuity to the Lector of Armagh. Music was an especial feature in the school of the Culdees, at Armagh, as has been amply demonstrated by the late Bishop Reeves. Even after the formation of a chapter in the Cathedral, the Prior of the Culdees was invariably Precentor, or Chief Chanter, whilst the brethren of the *Colidei* acted as Vicars Choral. These Culdees were the representatives of the old Columban order of monks; and their school at Armagh lasted from the close of the ninth century to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The Synod of Cashel was held in 1172, presided over by St. Christian, Papal Legate; here several canons relating to church discipline were passed. The Primate Gelasius was not present, and his death is chronicled on March 27, 1174. His successor, St. Cornelius MacConcaille, went to Rome on a pilgrimage, but died on his return journey at St. Peter's of Lemenc, near Chambery, in Savoy, where he is venerated as "St. Concord." His

*obit* is on June 4th, and a special Office was written for him. A beautiful Latin hymn in his honor was found by Father Papebroche, S.J., the Bollandist, in 1689, on an ancient tablet in the chapel of the saint, at Chambery.

Six Irish prelates, including St. Lawrence O'Toole, were present at the Third General Council of Lateran, in March, 1179, and St. Lawrence<sup>9</sup> was appointed Papal Legate in Ireland, replacing St. Christian, who had retired to the Cistercian Abbey of Odorney (County Kerry), where he died, March 16, 1186.

Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald Barry), who came to Ireland in 1183, is almost extravagantly eulogistic as to the musical powers of the Irish people,—clerics as well as laymen. His tribute to Irish music is quoted in every history of Ireland, and therefore need not be here repeated. As regards bishops and priests and their love of the harp he writes: "Hinc accidit, ut Episcopi et Abbates, et Sancti in Hibernia viri citharas circumferre et in eis modulando pie delectari consueverint."

Brompton and John of Salisbury (d. 1180) are at one in extolling the high state of cultivation of music in Ireland, but Cambrensis clearly points to the Irish free organum of the diatessaron (fourth) and that of diapente (fifth), including the discord of the Imperfect Fifth interval.

Our Irish annalists, under date of 1224, chronicle the demise of Maurice O'Connor, a Canon (son of King Roderic O'Conor), "one of the most eminent of the Irish for learning, *psalm-singing*, and poetry." In the following year we meet an interesting entry in the *Annals of Loch Cé*: "A. D. 1225. Aedh, son of Donlevy O'Sochlann, Vicar of Cong, *a master of vocal music and harp tuning, the inventor of a new method of tuning*, a proficient in all arts, poetry, engraving, and writing, and other arts, died this year."

In 1217, Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, who was also Viceroy of Ireland, convened a Synod, in which it was decreed that the singing of the Canonical Hours should be rendered "distinctly and clearly, with due reverence and devotion," and that "there should be no skipping or slurring the notes of the liturgical chant." Archbishop de Londres had attended the Council of Lateran, in 1215, and was appointed Papal Legate. He erected

<sup>9</sup> St. Lawrence died at the Monastery of Eu in Normandy, November 14, 1180.



St. Patrick's collegiate church as a Cathedral, in 1219, and founded the dignities of Precentor, Chancellor, and Treasurer. Thus Dublin could boast of two Cathedrals—an anomaly which survives to the present day. In 1221, he ordered that the *Use of Sarum* should be observed. He died in 1228.

My next paper will deal with the subject of Pre-Reformation Church Music in Ireland.

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*Enniscorthy, Ireland.*

## GLENANAAR.

### A Story of Irish Life.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—WAIFS.

GLENANAAR, the glen of slaughter, is a deep ravine, running directly north and south through a lower spur of the mountains that divide Cork and Limerick. The boundary line that separates these counties, and also the dioceses of Cloyne and Limerick, and the parishes of Ardpatrik and Doneraile, runs right along the top of the glen, and close to that boundary line on the southern side was the farm of Edmond Connors, one of the men who had been put back on the second trial in the Doneraile Conspiracy, of which we have just written. His farm lay along the slope of the valley, facing directly east. It extended right over the slope, and was terminated there by the wild heather of the mountain; and it stretched downwards to the river, always full even in summer, but a fierce, angry torrent in winter; and which took its name, Avon, or, as it is pronounced, Own-anaar, from the same terrific battle after which the glen is named. The house, a long, low building, thatched with reed, fronted the south; and, although very remote from village or town, the whole place—farm, field, and river, were as cozy and picturesque as could be found in Ireland. Edmond Connors, the proprietor, was, as we have said, a man of Herculean strength, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed; but you needed only to look at that calm, clear face, and those mild, blue eyes, that looked at you with a

half-pitying, half-sorrowful glance, to see, as every one said, that Edmond Connors "would not hurt a child." He was, in fact, a superb type of a very noble class of peasants, now, alas! under modern influences, dying away slowly in the land. They were all giants, largely formed, strongly thewed. They rarely touched meat. At Christmas and Easter it was a luxury. Their dietary was simple and ascetic—meal, milk and potatoes. But their constant exposure to rough weather, their incessant labor, and the iron constitutions they inherited from their forefathers and conserved by the purity and temperance of their lives, were more than the feeble helps civilization gives to create a hardy and iron race. It was of such men and their forefathers that Edmund Spenser, a rabid exterminator, wrote in despair to Queen Elizabeth, that they were quite hopeless—these attempts that were made to destroy or root out such a people; for they were so hardy, so fearless of death, so contemptuous of fatigue and wounds, that even the savage efforts of Elizabethan and Cromwellian freebooters failed to destroy what Providence evidently intended to maintain and preserve. With these strong peasants, too, modern worries and vexations had no place. They had their trials; but they relied so implicitly on the maxims of their religion, which was also their philosophy, that they bore every reverse of fortune, and sickness and death, with the most profound and tranquil equanimity. A few times during their long and laborious lives, they might flash out with some sudden flame of anger, and then it was bad for those who crossed their path. But that died away in remorse immediately, and the old, calm, patient way of life was resumed again. It was really pathetic the way these gentle giants used look out from their clear blue eyes, in which there was always a depth of sorrow hidden under their strong bushy eyebrows; and how patiently they took the events of life, and calmly the wildest vagaries of destiny. You could not disturb their equanimity. Tell them of the most wonderful or dreadful thing, and they accepted it without surprise or alarm. They would be the despair of a dramatist. He could not astonish them, or excite their enthusiasm. To sleep, to wake, to work, to pray, to die—that was the programme of existence. To wonder, to admire, to be angry, to be enthusiastic—they knew not the secret of these things. All



things are ordered by a Supreme Will, of whom we are the puppets—that is all! Who does not remember them in their strong frieze cutaway coats, their drab or snuff-colored vests and knee-breeches, the rough home-woven stockings, and the strong shoes—all made, like themselves, for hard work and wild tempestuous weather? No Wordsworth has yet sung the praises of these Irish dalesmen; but this, too, will come in the intellectual upheaval that we are witnessing just now.

Since the time of the trial, and his merciful escape from a horrible death, old Edmond Connors was accustomed to remain even more alone than was his usual wont. Always of a solitary turn of mind, he began now to haunt the mountains continually. Sometimes he was seen sitting on the low parapet of a bridge that crossed the mountain stream, sometimes on a great boulder deep down in some primeval valley, visited only by sun and moon and stars; and sometimes his great form was seen outlined against the wintry sky, as he knelt and prayed on one of those immense stones that form cairns on the crest of the hills looking down into the glens and dales of Limerick. What were his thoughts no one knew, for like all his class he was a silent man, and rarely spoke but in monosyllables.

There was a heavy fall of snow a few days before Christmas of this year; and, as the weather was intensely cold, there were none of the usual thaws, but the frost knit the snow-flakes together and crusted them all over with its own hard but brilliant enamelling. The whole landscape was covered with this white, pure ermine, except where the river, now blackened by the contrast, cut its cold, dark way between the clefts it had made for itself out of the soft sand of the hills. The bleak, dreary appearance of the landscape, however, did not deter Edmond Connors from his daily ramble in the mountains. His strong gaiters and boots defied the wet of the snow-clad heather; and he trudged along through slushy bog and across wet fields, only stopping from time to time to look down across the white, level plain that stretched its monotone of silver till it touched the sky-line, and was merged in it. One evening, just as dusk fell, about four o'clock, and the atmosphere became sensibly colder, he turned his footsteps homeward. His way led across the little bridge down beyond the plantation

of fir-trees on the main road. As he came in sight of it he saw in the twilight a woman sitting on the low parapet, with a child in her arms. His footsteps were so completely muffled by the soft snow that she was unaware of his approach, until he came quite close to her, and she woke up from her reveries and stared at him. She was quite young, but the child in her arms told that she was married. Her face would be very beautiful, except that it was now drawn tight as parchment; and two great black eyes stared out of the pallor, as if in fright at some undefined but yet unrealized sorrow that was haunting her with its shadow. On seeing the great, tall figure near her, she drew up her black shawl hastily and covered her head, and turned away. The old man seeing this, and thinking that she had been suckling her child, and had turned away in modesty, approached and said, kindly:

"God save you, honest 'uman! Sure 'tis a cowld evening to be out; and a cowld rest you have got for yerself."

The woman did not answer.

"Wisha, thin, me poor 'uman," said the old man, kindly; "you ought to seek shelter to-night, if not for yerself, at laste fer yer little child."

The woman remained silent, with averted face. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a silver piece.

"Here, me poor 'uman," he said, extending the coin toward her. "I haven't much; but the Lord has been good to me, and we must be good to every poor crachure that wants it."

She put the hand aside with an angry gesture; and rising up to her full stature, she looked at the old man with blazing eyes.

"Edmond Connors," she said, "I know you, and you don't know me. But you go your ways, and lave me go mine. It will be better for you in the ind."

"Wisha, thin, agragal," he said, humbly, "sure I meant no harm; but I thought it 'ud be murdher intirely to see you and your little *goelach* on the road a night like this."

"Why do you talk to me of murdher?" she said. "Haven't you murdher on your own sowl? And isn't the rope swinging for you a-yet?"

"I have not murdher, nor any other crime on my sowl," he



said, meekly, "though, God knows, I am a sinful man enough. But you're out of your mind, me poor 'uman, and you don't undershtan' the words you're spakin'."

"I wish 'twas thrue for you, Edmond Connors," she said. "I wish to God to-night that I was mad out intirely; and thin I could do what I was goin' to do, whin God or the divil sint you across my path."

"I don't know what you mane," said the old man, now very anxious, "but if you wor thinkin' of doin' any harrum to yerself or yer child, may God and His Blessed and Holy Mother prevint you. Sure that's the last of all."

"Wouldn't it be bettther for me to be dead and buried," she said, somewhat more calmly, "than be harried from house to house, and from parish to parish, as I am, wid every dure slammed in me face, and a curse follyin' me on me road?"

"That's quare," said the old man, "sure, haven't you the ring on your marriage-finger as well as the best of thim?"

"I have so," she said. "More bad luck and misfortune 'tis to me. 'Tis I'd be the happy 'uman if I could brake that ring, and put the pieces where they could'nt be found."

"At laste," said the old man, compassionately watching the blue eyes that stared up at him from the pinched, starved face of the child, "you should consider the child that God sint you; and if you cannot do anything to help yourself, or if you wor thinkin' of somethin' bad agin it —."

"What could I be thinkin' of?" she said defiantly. "If you have murdher in your own heart, Edmond Connors, that's no rayson ye'd suspect me of the same."

"I see, me good 'uman," said the old man, moving slowly away, "you're not from this neighborhood, tho' ye seem to know me name. No body in this parish 'ud spake as you have done. And," he said, with some little temper, "it 'udn't be safe for them if they did."

It seemed to touch some latent sensibility in the wretched woman, for after some hesitation she called after him.

"I ax your pardon," she said, "for the hard words I said agin you just now. You didn't desearve them; and no wan knows that bettther than me. If I could say all I like to say, Edmond Con-

nors, there 'ud be short work wid your next thril. But me mout' is shut. But only for this little crachure, me Annie, me only tie on airth, I'd very soon put the says betune me and thim you know. An' I suppose 'twas God sint you this cowld, dark night, to save me sowl from hell; for, Edmond Connors, the murder I said wos on your sowl, and 'twas a lie, was very near bein' on me own."

The old man looked at her sorrowfully in the growing twilight. There was something in her aspect, something in her words with their mysterious allusions, that attracted and interested him. And the blue eyes of the child seemed to haunt him, and ask for protection.

"Now, me poor 'uman," he said, "you're back in yer sinsis agen. Sure I know well how the hardship and distress dhrive people out of their mind sometimes. But it may come on ye agen; and remimber this is a Christian counthry, where any wan would be glad to take from ye that purty, weeshy little crachure in yer arms, and save it from the cowld river. Here, now, take these few shillings, and buy somethin' warm for yourself, for ye need it; and keep God and His Blessed Mother ever afore yer sight."

She stretched out her hand, and it lingered long in his great rough palm, whilst she fixed her glowing eyes shaded with anxiety upon him. Then, in a sudden impulse, she raised the big, strong hand to her lips; and, dragging her wretched shawl more closely around her, strode away. The old man stood and watched her tall, girlish figure, as it swayed along the road, darkly outlined against the white background of the snow. Then he moved slowly homeward. As he reached the crest of the hill through a short cut across the heather, he turned round, and looked back. The woman's figure stood forth clearly outlined against the darkening sky. She, too, had stood still, and was looking toward him. Seeing him still watching, she raised her hand, and waved a farewell, and passed out of his sight as he thought for ever.

He was more than usually silent, as he sat by the fire that night, and watched the red turf and blazing wood, as they poured from the open hearth great volumes of smoke up through the



wide chimney that yawned darkly above. The eyes of that little child haunted him. He was troubled in conscience about it. He thought he should have asked the poor, lone woman to allow him and his vanithee to be her protector. One mouth more was not much to feed; and He who giveth food to the sparrows on the house-top would help to feed a little child. He was quite angry with himself, and once or twice he was about to rise and go out, and follow the waifs. But he argued, they are gone too far on their way now. Yet when he came to the Fifth Joyful Mystery, as they recited the Rosary that evening, the remorse came back, and choked his voice with the emotion.

#### CHAPTER IX.—NODLAG.

Christmas morning came round; and the snow was still heavy in cleft and hollow; whilst on the open roads it had been beaten by many feet of men and horses into a sheet of yellow ice that made walking very troublesome and dangerous. The great white sheet was yet drawn across the landscape to the horizon; and on distant mountains it shone clear as amber in the light of the wintry sun. The eyes of men were yearning for the more soothing green color of field and copse; for in this country, where we are so unaccustomed to snow, the eyes soon begin to ache at the dazzling whiteness, and seek relief in little spots or nooks of verdure under the shade of trees, or in hidden places, where the great crystal flakes could not penetrate.

The family had gone to early Mass, some to Ardpatrick or Ballyorgan, some down to their own parish church; for, despite the inclement weather, there was some pleasure in meeting friends on such a day, and exchanging Christmas greetings. The boys who had been home early from Mass went out with their sticks to hunt the wren; and *Hy, Droleen! Hy, Droleen!* echoed from copse and thicket, as the young lads shouted the hunting cry far away across the mountains. The rest of the family got back early from Mass also, and the deep hush of a Christmas Sabbath fell swiftly down over the entire land, for it was a matter of honor in Ireland that each family should have their fireside consecrated against all intrusion on that day. So far is this rigid tradition

maintained that it is most rare to find any one sitting down to the Christmas dinner who is not an immediate member of the family circle ; and the happy-go-easy intimacy of other days, when a neighbor might freely cross the threshold with a " God bless the work ! " is sternly interdicted on that day. The strict privacy of each household is rigidly maintained.

When night fell, all gathered together around the table, where smoked the Christmas dinner. This, too, was invariable in every Irish household. The roast goose, stuffed with potatoes and onions, the pig's head, garlanded with curly cabbage, a piece of salt beef, and an abundance of potatoes was, and is, the never-changing *menu* in these humble, Christian households. In places where there is a little more pretension, a rice pudding, plentifully sprinkled with currants, or a plum pudding, is in much request. And then the decks are cleared for action ; and the great Christmas cake, black with raisins, is surrounded and steamed by smoking tumblers of punch ; and all relax for a cozy, comfortable evening of innocent mirth and enjoyment around the glowing fire of turf and logs, on the sacred hearths of Ireland. And there are songs and dances galore, and absolute fraternity and equality, for servant boys and girls mix freely with the family on this great holiday of Christian communism ; and many a quaint story is told and many a quaint legend unearthed, as the memory of the old travels back into the past and the hopes of the young leap forward to the future. And all then was limited between the four seas of Ireland. America had not yet been discovered, and the imagination never travelled beyond the circle of the seas. And so there was nothing but Ireland to talk about ; nothing but Ireland interesting ; the Ireland of the past so dark, so tragical ; the Ireland of the future so uncertain and problematical.

Late in the evening, or rather night, in this little home of Glenanaar, the thoughts of the family took a melancholy turn. The song had been sung, the story told ; the girls and boys were tired after jig and reel, and the whole family circle were gathered around the fire now smouldering down in hot cinders and white ashes. The dim, crimson light predisposed them to meditation and even gloom, as the huge giant shadows were cast on the walls and upwards where the blackened rafters glistened under the dark,

smoke-begrimed thatch. After a long silence, the vanithee, Mrs. Connors, with her hands folded upon her lap, said, looking intently at the fire:

"I hope we'll all be well and happy, this time twelve-month! Sure, 'tis little we know what's before us! Who'd ever think last Christmas that we'd see what we saw this harvest?"

"There's no use in dhrawin' it up to-night, Bess," said the old man. "The comin' year and every year of our lives, is in the hands of God!"

"Thru for you," said the vanithee. "But, sure how can we help talkin' about what our hearts are full of?"

"'Tis all over now," said her husband, spreading his hands before the embers. "At last, we may hope so. As long as the Counsellor is to the fore, the people are safe."

"You never know," said his wife, whose feminine instincts inclined to despondency. "It's clear as noonday, that there's thim in the counthry still that 'ud swear black was white, and night was day."

"Ontil they're made sich an example of," said a deep voice from the settle, "that no wan of their seed, breed, or generation shall be left to swear away honest lives agin."

"They say," added another of the boys, "that Croumper Daly<sup>1</sup> is sperrited away already; but the other ruffian is under thrainin' agin be the police in Dublin to swear harder the next time."

"They're to be pitied, the poor, misfortunate crachures," said Edmond Connors. "It must be hard times that drove them to sich a trade."

"Wisha, thin, father," said one of the girls, who could make bolder on her parents than her brothers, "I wish you'd keep your pity for them that deserve it better. Hard times, indeed! As if anything could excuse wholesale perjury and murder!"

"You have your feelings, Kate," said the old man, "and sure I don't blame you. 'Twould be a lonesome Shrove for you, if Willy Burke hadn't done what he done."

This allusion to Kate's approaching marriage with John Burke only exasperated her the more.

<sup>1</sup> "Croumper Dawley" is the name by which the famous informer is still spoken of in the parish.



"Yes, father," she said, "but as Donal here sez, what purtection have anny of ye, so long as anny of that dirty spawn of informers is left in the counthry?"

"'Twas a brave ride, surely," said the old man, not heeding. "I hard Dr. O'Brien say from the altar, that in a hunder' or two hunder' years' time, there'll be ballads and songs about it."

"You hard him say, too," said Kate, flushed and excited with the dance and the thought of her lover's peril thus brought back to her mind, "that he hoped every approver and informer would clear out of his parish, and lave no trace behind them in wife or child."

"Go out, Donal," said the old man, not relishing this turn the conversation was taking, "an' bring in a creel of dhry turf and fagots for the fire. Sure we have some hours yet before bed-time, and the sight of the fire is good. And," he continued, turning around, as Donal promptly obeyed, "take a look at the cows in the stalls, and see they're all right agin the night. It is as cowl'd for thim crachures as it is for ourselves."

Donal, a "boy" of thirty-five or forty, went out into the keen frosty air; and first approached the outhouse where the wood was kept. Having collected a goodly bundle, he went over to the great long rick of black turf, now blanketed under a heap of frozen snow. He could not find the usual creel; so, lighting a stable lantern, he went over to the byre where the cattle were stalled for the night. Three of the beasts were comfortably asleep in their stalls; the remaining three bent down their wet nozzles, and breathed on something that lay on the floor. Surprised beyond measure, Donal went over, and stooping down saw his turf-creel, and lying therein, warmed and saved by the breath of the dumb oxen, was the sweetest and prettiest child he ever saw. The little creature opened its blue eyes at the lantern light, and stared and smiled at its discoverer. The cows drew back. Their services were no longer wanted. But one came back from the stalls; and, as if loath to leave its little charge, put down its wet nose again, and breathed the warm vapor of breath on the infant.

The big Donal was so surprised that, as he said, you could knock him down with a feather. But, leaving the lantern on the floor, he came over leisurely to the house, smiling at the surprise

he was going to give the family. Then he stopped a moment, debating with himself what would be the most dramatic form in which he could make the revelation. Like a good artist he finally decided that the simplest way would be the most effective; so he pushed open the kitchen door, and said :

"Come here, Kate, I want you a minit."

"Wisha, thin," said Kate, reluctant enough to leave the warm house and go out into the frosty air, "'tis you're always wantin' somethin'. What is it now?"

When they were in the yard, Donal said to her :

"Keep yer sinses about you, Kate; for you'll see the quarest thing you ever saw now!"

"Yerra, what is it," said Kate, now quite excited, "is it a ghost or wan of the 'good people'?"

"'Tis a fairy whatever," said Donal, going over and letting the light fall down on the smiling face of the child. "Did ye ever see the likes before? what'll they say inside?"

Kate uttered a little scream of surprise, and clasped her hands.

"Glory be to God! Did any wan ever see the likes before? I wandher is it something good, or——"

The dumb beast rebuked her superstition, for again she bent down her wet mouth over the child and breathed softly over her. And the infant, as if appealing against the incredulity of the girl, twisted and puckered its little face, as if about to cry.

"Here," said Donal, "ketch a grip of the creel, and let us take the crachure into the fire. And I suppose she's starving."

The brother and sister lifted the basket gently, and, leaving the lantern behind them, took the infant across the snow-covered yard, and pushed open the kitchen door.

"Here's a Christmas-box for ye that we found in the stable," said Donal, with great delight. "Begobs, whoiver sint it made no mistake about it. She's a rale little jewel."

The whole family rose, except Edmond Connors, who kept his place by the fire. He was always proof against sudden emotions of all kinds. They gathered around the basket which Donal and Kate brought over to the fire; and there was a mingled chorus of wonder, surprise, anger, pity, as the little creature lay there before them, so pretty, so helpless, so abandoned.

"Glory be to God this blessed and holy night, did any wan ever hear the like before?"

"'Twill be the talk of the three parishes before Sunday!"

"Wisha, who could it be at all, at all? Sure that child is six months old."

"Sweet bad luck to the mother that abandoned ye, ye poor little angel from heaven! Sure she must have a heart of stone to put ye fram her breast this cowl'd, bittther night!"

"Wisha, I wandher who is she?" Did ye hear of anny child about the neighborhood belonging to anny poor, misfortunate crachure?"

The only member of the family who did not evince the least surprise was Edmond Connors himself. He continued staring at the little waif that lay at his feet, blinking up at him with her clear, blue eyes, as the ruddy flames from the wood and turf now leaped up merrily again. He at once recognized the child whom he had seen in the arms of the half-demented creature who had accosted him on the bridge; and he remembered, and smiled at the remembrance, how earnestly he had implored her to commit that child to the care of some Christian household, who, for the love of God, would preserve the little life and cherish it.

The vanithee, at last, impatient at his silence, said:

"Wisha, thin, Edmond Connors, wan would think ye warn't in yer own house, ye're so silent, sittin' there and twirlin' yer thumbs, and with yere 'Well! well!' Can't you say somethin' to relieve our feelin's?"

"I think," said the old man, deliberately, and with a little chuckle of amusement, "that it 'ud be no harrum if we warmed a little sup of milk and gave it to the crachure——."

"Thru for you, faith," said his wife. "You always sez the right thing, Edmond Connors, if you don't say much!"

The milk was warmed; and the little creature drank it eagerly, and brightened up after its simple supper. And then began an eager search in its little garments for some sign or token of its birth or parentage. This was unavailing. The little garments were clean, and sound, and warm; but no scrap of paper nor sign of needle afforded the least indication of who the child was, or whence it had come. And the uncertainty gave rise to a warmer



debate—about the religion of the child, and whether she had been christened, and what might be her name.

"Av coorse, she's christened," said one of the girls. "Av she was the blackest Prodestan' in Ireland, she'd have her child baptized."

"Begor, that's true," said another. "An' faith, it might be some fine lady that's tired of her little baby——"

"Nonsense," broke in Mrs. Connors. "There's not a dacent woman in the land would abandon her child like that."

"Take my word for it," said one of the servant girls, "the mother that carried that child is no great things. Perhaps 'twas that mad 'uman who was around here a couple of weeks ago."

"The mad 'uman!" said Edmond Connors, for the first time turning around. "What mad 'uman?"

"Some poor angashore of a crachure, that kem round here a couple of weeks ago; and asked wos this where Edmond Connors lived," said his wife. "We tried to be civil to her; but she cursed and melted us all, yourself in the bargain."

"And had she a child wid her?" asked the old man innocently.

"We don't know. She had some bundle in her arms whatever. But we thought she wos gatherin' up for the Christmas time. But whoever she wos, she wos no great things. We wor glad when she took her face off av us."

"But what are we to do with the child, at all, at all?" asked one of the girls. "And why did her misfortunate mother pick us out to lave her with us?"

"I suppose she thought we'd keep her," said her mother.

"And won't you?" said the old man, looking at the child and the fire.

"Won't we? Did any wan hear sich a question?" said Mrs. Connors. "Faith, I'm sure we won't. Nice business we'd have rearing a child that might be ill-got. We've enough to do, faith, these times to keep ourselves, with everythin' threatenin' around us. We'll take her down, next Sunday, plaze God, to the priest, and let him see afther her."

"And why should the priest do what Christians refuse to do?" said the old man. "Why should he have the burden of rearin' her?"

"He can put her in somewhere," said his wife. "An' perhaps, there may be some lone crachure who'd take her off his hands for a thrifle."

"Thin you won't throw her out amongst the cows to-night?" said the old man sarcastically.

"That's a quare question," said his wife. "Yerra, what's comin' over you at all? Sure you used to be as fond of children as their mother. But we'll keep her a few days; and thin——"

"What night is this, Bess?" asked the old man, rising up, and speaking solemnly, his back to the fire and his hands clasped tightly behind him.

There was something in the tone assumed by the old man that hushed the whole place instantly into silence. He so seldom manifested any sign of temper, or even assumed a tone of authority that, when he spoke as he now did, his words came weighted with all the earnestness of a power that was seldom asserted. His wife, who, in ordinary every-day life, was supreme mistress and ruler of the establishment, bore her momentary dethronement badly. She shuffled about uneasily, and affected to be very busy about household affairs.

"I suppose 'tis a Christmas," she replied without turning round, and in a very sulky tone.

"And do you remember what happened on this blessed night?" he said, now removing his hat and placing it on the sugan chair where he had been sitting.

"I suppose I do," she answered. "The Infant Jaysus was borned in the stable of Bethlehem. Have ye anny more of the Catechism in yer head?"

"And I suppose," said the old man, "that if that poor woman and her husband (God forgive me for speaking of the Blessed Vargin and holy St. Joseph in that way) kem to the dure with their little Child a few nights after and asked Bess Connors to take the baby from them for a while, Bess Connors would say: 'Next dure, hones' 'uman!'"

"You know very well, Edmond Connors," said his wife, now thoroughly angry, "that Bess Connors would do nothing of the kind."

"I know you long enough, Bess," said the old man, "to know that. But whin God sint this little crachure," here he stooped down and took the smiling child up in his great arms, "do you think He sint it as a sign and token of nothin'? And whin the same all-merciful God saved me from the gallows and a grave in Cork gaol, where I might be rotting to-night, instid of bein' here amongst ye, wouldn't it be a nice return to throw out this little orphan into the cowl'd, hard wurruld outside? No!" he said with emphasis. "If God has been good to us let us be tindher wid wan another."

There was no reply to this. The young men would have liked to side with their father, but they were afraid of their mother's keen tongue. The girls were bolder; and the elder, Joan, or Joanna, a very gentle, spiritual being, said meekly:

"I think father is right, mother. We mustn't fly in the face of God."

"Here," said the mother, completely conquered, "let ye nurse her betune ye. I wash me hands out of the business intirely."

"Take the child, Joan," said the father, handing the infant over to his eldest daughter. "So long as there's bit, bite and sup in the house, she shall not want, until thim that owns her, claims her."

"Do so, and nurse her betune ye, and may she bring a blessing on yer house, Edmond Connors," said his wife. "But av it be the other way, remimber that ye got yere warning."

"What will we call her?" said Joan, taking the infant from her father's arms. "We must christen her agin be some name or anuther."

"We'll call her Bessie for the present," said the old man. "The laste honor we can pay yer mother ——"

"Be this and be that ye won't," said his wife in a furious temper. "I had always a dacent name, an' me family before me wor dacent, an' I never brought shame or blame on thim ——"

"Here, here," said Donal, to end the discussion, "anynthing will do. Call her *Nodlag*,<sup>2</sup> afther this blessed night."

And *Nodlag* remained the child's name.

<sup>2</sup> Pronounced *Nulug*—Irish for *Christmas*.



## CHAPTER X.—THE MIDNIGHT OATH.

The defeat of the Crown in these half-political, half-social trials had been so utter and complete, that it was generally regarded as the merest formality that the prisoners, let out on bail, should be again summoned before the Judges. Besides, the belief in O'Connell's great forensic abilities, so well manifested before the Special Commission, created the hope that amounted to certainty in the public mind, that no matter what pressure was brought to bear by the Crown, no jury could convict on what had already been proved to be the perjured and suborned evidence of approvers. In fact, it was fully believed by the general public, that the Crown would not renew the prosecution. Hence, during the months of January and February, great contentment reigned in the humble cottage at Glenanaar. The early spring work went on as usual, and no apprehensions darkened the brightness that always shone around that peaceful Christian hearth. Nodlag, too, was a ray of sunshine across the earthen floor. Gradually she grew into all hearts, and even the *vanithee*, struggling a long time against her pride of power so rudely shattered on Christmas night, yielded to the spell of enchantment cast by the foundling over all else. The men of the household never went out to work, or returned from it, without a word or caress for Nodlag; the girls went clean mad about the child; and often, when no one was looking, the *vanithee* would remain a long time by the child's cradle, talking motherly nonsense to it, and always winding up with the comment:

"'Twas a quare mother that put you among the bastes a Christmas night, alanna!"

Edmond Connors, too, was completely fascinated by her childish charms. He would often go in and out of the room where her cradle lay to caress her, and when she was brought near the fire, and he could look at her, long and leisurely, he would plunge into a deep meditation on things in general, and wind up with a "Well, well, it is a quare wurruld sure enough!" But the secret of her abandonment and her parentage was jealously guarded by him. He knew well that if he so much as hinted that that winsome child was the daughter of the perjured

ruffian, Daly, who had tried to swear away his life and who had sent decent men to transportation, not even his supreme authority would avail to save the child from instant and peremptory dismissal from that house. When he found the secret safe, for all the inquiries made in the neighboring parishes had failed to elicit any information about the child or its parents, although it was still the common talk of the people, he often chuckled to himself at the grim joke he was playing, and he could hardly help saying in his own mind, as he saw his daughters fondling the child and his sons kissing her—"If ye only knew!" Then, sometimes, there would come a sinking of heart as he thought of the possibilities that might eventuate from his approaching trial, and the significant hint from the wretched woman:—

"An' isn't the rope swinging for ye a-yet?"

At last, the Spring Assizes came around; and the three men, Connors, Wallis, and Lynch, were ordered to Cork for trial. It was a surprise; but still regarded as a mere matter of form. The Solicitor General, Doherty, was again to prosecute; and he came, flushed from his triumph over O'Connell in the House of Commons, and determined to prove by the conviction of his prisoners that the famous Conspiracy was as deadly and as deeply spread as he had represented. Public interest was not so keen as on the first trials at the Special Commission; and therefore that secret and undefined pressure of public opinion did not lean so heavily on judges and jury. The prisoners were not aware of this; but came into court with hope high in their hearts that this was but a mere formality to be gone through to comply with the law. They would be acquitted by the Solicitor General himself in his opening speech.

As they passed into the dock to surrender to their bails, Edmond Connors was aware of the dark figure of a woman, clad in black, and with a black shawl tightly drawn about her head, as she stood so close to the door that her dress touched him lightly. The yeoman on guard apparently did not notice her, or made no attempt to remove her from a place usually occupied by officials. As her dress touched the old man, he looked down; and she, opening her black shawl, revealed the pallid face and the great wild eyes of the woman he had accosted at the bridge. At first

he shuddered at the contact. Then, some strange influence told him that it was with no evil intention she was there. Yet, his thoughts began to wander wildly, as his nerves sank under the fierce words of the indictment, charging him with intent and conspiracy to murder ; and the words of the woman would come back :—

“An’ isn’t the rope swinging for ye a-yet ?”

To their utter dismay and consternation, too, O’Connell, their champion, their deliverer, did not appear ; but there was the arch-enemy, Doherty, “six feet three in height, and with a manner decidedly aristocratic.” On went the dreadful litany of their imputed crimes ; on went the appeals to prejudice, sectarian and political ; on went the smooth, studied language, all the more terrible for the passionless tones in which it was uttered ; and alas ! there was no stern friend here to cry, “Stop ! That is not law !” Counsel exchanged notes, looked up, hesitated ; but it needed the fearless and masculine to block that stream of deadly eloquence. Overawed by the position and personality of the Crown Prosecutor, and afraid to get into close contact with him, they were silent. And then the approvers came on the table.

It would seem to ordinary minds that the evidence of these ruffians, completely disproved on the score of self-contradiction, and rejected by the mixed jury at the Special Commission, should even be demanded again. But it was. The scene in the tent at Rathclare, the document of assassination duly signed, the supplementary evidence that was furnished to support and buttress a tottering cause, were all paraded again, until Daly, turning around to identify the prisoners, surprised the court by affirming that he could not swear to Edmond Connors ; that to the best of his belief he was not there. Nowlan succeeded Daly, corroborated every word sworn to by that worthy, and wound up his evidence by the solemn declaration :—

“But there’s wan pris’ner there, that shouldn’t be there ; and that’s as innocent as the babe unborn ; and that is Edmond Connors. He had nayther hand, act, or part in the Doneraile Conspiracy !”

There clearly then was but one course. Jury consults ; and hands down a paper to the Judge. And Edmond Connors is



dismissed from the dock—a free man. As he passed out with a courteous, but dignified :—

“ I thank ye, gintlemin ! ”

he felt a cold hand touch his own. He pressed it tightly, as much as to say :

“ Yes, I understand. I owe my life to you, for having protected your little child.”

Such is the strange magnetism that flashes from soul to soul in this world, when the mighty current is directed by kind thoughts, helpful deeds, and divinely-human sympathies.

He whiled away the day in handsakings from friends, and weeping congratulations from those who were dear to him. For the friends of all the other prisoners were there ; and where there was a common cause, there was a common triumph. He lingered around the city, though anxious to get home to his little paradise beneath the black hills. He felt himself bound in honor to wait and share the certain triumphant acquittal of the men whose shoulders touched his in the dock. But, as the evening shades closed in, and no news came from the court-house, he decided to get out the common cart, with its bed of straw and quilt, in which the peasantry then, and now, used to travel from place to place, and he made all his preparations for his night-journey homewards. Donal, his eldest son, was just turning his horse's head from the city, when a wild shout arrested them.

“ We might as well wait and be home with thim,” said the old man.

A few of the crowd came up. There was, alas ! no triumph on their faces, but the pallor of great fear.

“ What is it ? how did it turn ? ” asked the old man.

“ Wallis acquitted ; Lynch, convicted and sentenced to be hanged,” was the reply.

“ God preserve us ! ” said the old man. “ 'Tis only the turn of a hand between life and the grave.”

The crowd melted away ; and the two men, father and son, passed out beneath the stars.

After a good many exclamations of fear, anger, pride, joy, they both sank into silence, as the horse jogged on swiftly enough, for his head was turned to home. A thousand wild

thoughts chased one another through the old man's brain—the thought of his narrow escape from death, of the loyalty of that poor woman, of the strange instinct that had made him adopt her child—a deed of charity now requited a hundredfold. Then he looked forward and began to calculate the chances against the child. If the least whisper of the truth were known—and why should it not transpire at any moment?—he felt he could not retain the child, and this would be a breach of faith not only with the woman, but with all his own most cherished principles. He felt he needed an ally, and that ally should be his son, who had first discovered Nodlag, and who, when his father died, should succeed to the duty of her protector and father. But how could he break the terrible revelation? and how would Donal take it? Would he have manliness enough to rise above the traditions of his class and do what would be most noble and generous? Or would the inborn instincts of the Celt revolt at the thought that the child of such blood should be harbored as one of their family? It was really a cast of the die, how Donal would take it; but it was absolutely necessary to make the revelation, and, with a silent prayer to Him who sits above the stars, the old man coughed, and said:—

“Are you awake, Donal?”

“Yerra, why wouldn't I be awake?” said Donal, rubbing his eyes; for he had been dozing. “Where are we?”

“I knew you were dozing,” said his father; “and sure small blame to you. We're between the half-way house and Mallow.”

“The night is so dark,” said Donal, illogically, “I didn't know where we were. Did we pass the half-way house?”

“An hour ago,” said his father. “Don't you see the owld castle of Ballinamona over there on the height?”

“Sure enough,” said Donal. “We'll be in Mallow in an hour. I wandher what time is it?”

“Betune three and four in the mornin', I think,” said his father. “We'll have the light soon.”

“'Tis mortal cowl’d,” said his son, whipping up the horse. “Why didn't you stop at the half-way house? Sure any wan would want a dhrink to-night.”

The old man was silent. The occasion was not auspicious. Then he resolved it must be done.

"Donal?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I have somethin' to say to you that's on me mind. Did you notice annythin' in the Coort to-day?"

"Nothin' but the usual blagardin' and ruffianism," said Donal. "I'm glad we're done with judges, juries, and informers forever."

This staggered the old man; but he knit his brows and went on.

"Thin you didn't remark the evidence of Daly and Nowlan?"

"I did," said Donal, dryly. "Maybe the grace of God is tetching the ruffians; or, begobs, maybe they got a bribe."

"That's it," said the old man, gleefully. "They did. Daly was bribed."

"I didn't think you used do much in that way; sir," said Donal, half joking, half resenting. "An' it must take a big bribe to get thim ruffians to spake the truth."

"No, thin," said his father. "It was a little, weeshy bribe enough; and 'twas God sint it."

"I'm glad you're left to us, sir," said his son; "but, be all that's holy, I'd rather swing than tetch the palm of these thraitors to creed and counthry."

The omens were growing more inauspicious; but the old man was determined.

"Donal," said he, "can you keep a saycret?"

"Did you ever know me to blab anything you ever tould me?" said his son.

"No!" was the reply. "An' that's the raison why I'm goin' to tell you somethin' that I wouldn't tell to any wan livin', excep' the priest and yourself."

"It must be a grate saycret out an' out," said his son. "Perhaps you would want to sware me?"

"Yes, I do," said his father, "although the word of sich a son as you have been, Donal, is as good to me as if you kissed the Book! Pull up the horse for a minit!"

Donal drew the reins; and they came to a standstill on the hump of a little bridge that crossed a brawling river.

"Where are you?" said the old man, feeling for his son's hand, like the blind patriarch of old.



"Here, sir!" said Donal, placing his strong, rough hand in the palm of his father's hand, which instantly closed over it.

"I want you to swear by the Gospels which we haven't wid us, and by Him who wrote thim Gospels, that you'll never breathe to morchial bein' what I am tellin' ye now; do you swear?"

"I do," said the young man, rather frightened at the solemnity of the place and scene.

"Will you also swear that whin I am dead and gone, you will be a father to that child you found in the cowhouse a Christmas night?"

"Nodlag?" said Donal, utterly amazed.

"Yes, Nodlag," replied his father grasping the son's hand more tightly.

"Av coorse, if you wish it," said the son, reluctantly. "Whatever is there is yours; and will be mine only because you giv' it to me."

"An' I do give it to you, Donal, my son," said the old man affectionately. "For never did man rear a better boy than you. An' now go on, an' I'll tell you all. 'Twas little Nodlag whom you brought in from the cows that cowl'd, bitter night, that saved me from the gallows to-day."

Wondering, fearful, not knowing what to think, Donal whipped on the horse, and his father, sitting by him, commenced his dramatic tale.

"Do you remimber the women talkin' that night about the mad crachure who wos carryin' about a bundle wid her at the Christmas time?"

"I do well. I saw her meself; and the devil's own bad tongue she had, especially for yerself," said Donal.

"Did you see her in Coort to-day?" said his father.

"No!" said Donal. "I can't say that I did."

"She was there thin," said the old man. "She bribed Daly and Nowlan in my favor; and Nodlag was the bribe."

"Thin she is Nodlag's mother?" cried Donal in amazement.

"She is," said his father, trying to suppress his excitement. "And now remember your oath, Donal. *She—is—Daly's wife!*"

The young man was so stunned by the information that he

remained speechless for some minutes, trying to piece things together. He was dazed by the information. Then, suddenly, the horror of the thing seemed to smite him, and he said, in a suppressed but terrible way :

"Thin, be all that's holy this blessed night, out she'll go on the road the minit I crass the thrishol."

"Is that the way you keep your oath?" said the father pleadingly.

"I'll say nothin' to no wan," replied his son. "But out she'll go; and may the divil fly away wid her an' all belongin' to her."

"There's more ways of breakin' an oath than by shpakin'," said his father. "You can't do what you say you'll do, but which," he added determinedly, "you *won't* do without tellin' what you know."

"Thin, who's to prevint me?" said his son sullenly.

"I'll prevint you, and God will prevint you," said the old man solemnly. "Glenanaar is mine till I dhrop; and no wan will tetch that child so long as my name is Edmond Connors."

Donal knew well the iron determination of his father when he had made up his mind to a particular course of action; so he dropped his threatening manner, and pleaded with his father on another side.

"The Connors of Glenanaar were never disgraced till now," said he. "I never thought I'd see the day whin me father would bring shame and sorrow upon us."

"Dhrop that, I say," said the old man, "or maybe only wan of us 'ud see your mother to-night."

"To think," said the young man, sullenly, "that the house that sheltered a dacent family for four ginerations should cover the child of an informer—oh, my God! how can we ever shtand it?"

"By houlding your tongue, and keeping your oath," said his father."

"And do you mane to say, or think, that this won't be known?" said Donal. "I tell you 'twill be known before a week's out; for there never yet was dug a grave that could keep a sacret deep enough from *thin we know*. And thin—thin they'll burn down the house before our eyes."

"The saycret is in God's keepin' and yours," said his father. "And *He* won't tell it."

There was a long silence between father and son, for now the day was breaking beyond the hills; and very soon the sun would be peeping above the dark shoulder of Knockroura. They soon entered the suburb beyond Mallow Bridge. Not a soul was stirring. Dogs barked at them from behind stable gates, as the deep wheels of the cart rumbled over rough stones; but these sounds of life were soon quiet, as they rolled over the wooden bridge that spanned the river, and heard the deep murmur of the waters beneath. Here, a sudden thought seemed to strike Donal; for he suddenly reined in the horse, and confronted his father.

"Father," said he in a trembling voice, "forgive me for what I said agen you just now. Sure I never thought that you were to blame. What could you know more than me that night you sint me to the cowhouse? Sure, I ought to know that if you knew that night who it was we were bringin' in to our house, you'd have towld me to thrun her out in the pit. Father," said he dubiously, noticing the silence of the old man, "say you never knew that it was an informer's child you were bringin' in upon a dacent flure that night; an' I'll forget all."

"I knew it well," said the old man solemnly. "'Twas I asked the mother to lave her child wid us."

Donal said not a word, but whipped up his horse. In the afternoon of that day, he made up his mind that his father had gone mad. The terrors of death and disgrace had unhinged his mind. It was all a pure fabrication of a demented mind. And he felt he could now keep the secret well. Time would reveal everything, if there was anything to reveal. Meanwhile he would watch and note all things carefully. And—Donal felt a real glow of pleasure as the thought occurred to him—they could keep *Nodlag*, who, unknown to himself, had really grown into his great, big heart.

Edmond Connors felt a sensible relief when, as they jogged along the road homewards, Donal manifested the greatest concern about him; and, once or twice, whistled softly to himself the *Cailín deas Críuidhte nam-bó*.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

*Doneraile, Ireland.*



## NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

## STANZAS I-III.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

AS has been already announced in these pages, THE DOLPHIN has obtained from Mr. Orby Shipley, the veteran Catholic hymnologist, who has recently become the literary heir of Mr. Warren, the copy of Mr. Warren's MS. work on the English versions of the *Dies Irae*. This MS. was subsequently enlarged by its author to include additional quotations from recent translations of the hymn, and formed thus the basis of his published volume. Instead of enlarging the MS. work as Mr. Warren thought proper to do for the sake of completeness, it is proposed, in this issue and the following issues of THE DOLPHIN, to condense it into narrower limits by omitting much of the illustration borrowed from the vast number of English versions of the hymn, and retaining almost exclusively the valuable lessons to be derived from a study of those versions. Despite the great industry of translators of the hymn, it is evident that there is still room for the conscientious and cultivated labors of those who would desire to see it rendered adequately into English verse; and perhaps one of the best means to such an end is the study of the faults into which previous translators have fallen. While Mr. Warren discusses this phase of the *Dies Irae*, the Rev. Dr. Henry, in his accompanying articles, discusses the more general phases of the literary history of the Hymn. It is thus planned, within the limits of these papers, to furnish our readers with a conspectus of the *Dies Irae* which shall satisfy all the lovers of "the greatest of all uninspired hymns." The hymn naturally divides itself into two parts: the "epic" or descriptive stanzas (i-vi) and the "lyric" (vii-xvii). The remaining six lines, beginning with *Lacrimosa dies illa*, are evidently not a part of the original poem, comprising as they do two rhymed and one unrhymed couplet, while the hymn is written exclusively in triplets. In the present issue of THE DOLPHIN the first three stanzas will be treated; and in the following issues the remainder of the hymn.—EDITOR.

## The Hymn.

1. Dies irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

The Sibyl quoted in the third line is supposed by Mohnike to be the Erythræan in those well-known lines ("Orac. Sib.," viii, 216 *et seq.*) forming the acrostic 'ΙΧΘΥς on the name of our Saviour. Eusebius gives the Greek original in the "Constantini Oratio," chap. xviii, and St. Augustine has them partly in Latin in the "Civitas Dei," xviii, 23, thus beginning—

"Judicii signum tellus sudore madescet."

That this is the genuine third line of the hymn there can be, if any, little doubt: but the Mantua Marble, at least as given by Charisius, reads *Teste Petro*, and the Parisian Missal substituted without any authority a new line altogether, *Crucis expandens vexilla*, placing it between the two original ones.

There has been a very general disposition among translators to fight shy of the *Sibyl*: for though few besides those mentioned above have boldly taken the *Crucis* line, many while keeping the original, like Sylvester and Drummond, have, like them, turned it generally so as to shirk the word *Sibyl*. There are, in fact, fewer than fifty who have used the word itself, of whom five have made it plural, one uses it with the *indefinite* article, "a Sibyl," and three versions, singularly in authorship, the Rosarists', the *Bona Mors* version, and the Quakers', strangely have it in the original form of *Sibylla*, *David and Sibylla say*. There seems, however, authority for thus using the word in English: see Bingham (Orig. Eccl. I, ii, 7), where he uses the phrase, "Sibylla their own prophetess."

On this head two curiosities are to be found in American versions: the use of the word *priestess* in one which is marked in my note-book as "altogether worthless;" and more singular still, the replacing of David by *Virgil* in another by the Rev. Charles Rockwell, which I have been unable to procure, though this first stanza is quoted by Dr. Schaff. It is thus—

"Day of wrath, O direful day,  
Earth in flames shall pass away,  
Virgil and the Sibyl say,"

and the writer must of course have had in his mind the famous lines where Virgil quotes the Cumæan Sibyl in the fourth Bucolic—

"Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis aetas,  
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo :  
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,  
Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto."<sup>1</sup>

Still, he can hardly have supposed this the passage alluded to by Thomas of Celano, and his reference to Virgil is thus somewhat unaccountable. Virgil is used in mediæval mysteries as a heathen witness to Christ.

Of those versions which turn the original line generally, almost all use such words as *seer* or *prophet*; one or two turn it more generally still, as Dean Disney's *Great theme of inspiration's lyre*; while there are again one or two who so dilute the verse that they cannot be said to have taken either reading. Of this class Worsley is a specimen, whose verse—

"Day of anger, day of wonder  
When the world shall roll asunder,  
Quenched in *fire and smoke and thunder*"—

can only be described by the favorite modern word *sensational*. But all this will be more fully set out in the tabulation of renderings at the end of the remarks on each verse; and any repetitions, sometimes perhaps unavoidable, must, and it is hoped will, be pardoned.

Many translators appear to have set before themselves no very distinct idea whether they shall be as literal as possible, or more or less paraphrastic: thus you shall see verses here and there absolutely literal, and anon you shall find others departing from their text to all appearance uncompelled. Of this an example may be seen in this very first verse. The plain prosaic translation, such as Lord Macaulay's school boy or any other would give, is simply "the day of wrath, that day, shall dissolve the world in ashes;" but the vast majority of translators, instead of simply taking *dies iræ*, *dies illa*, as two nominatives in apposition governing the verb *solvet*, have made an apostrophe of

<sup>1</sup> "The virgin has returned again,  
Returned the old Saturnian reign,  
And golden age once more."



one or both of them ; with in the latter case this result, that they appear (I trust it is only appearance) to take *sacclum* as the nominative to *solvet*, and *solvet* as a neuter verb, which it never is ;<sup>2</sup> and thus they alter the idea in a way which, if justifiable in a paraphrase, is hardly so in a literal version. Nor is it for the better ; for though it is a bold thing, and demands an apology, to differ from so many, I can hardly think that the majesty of the poem is increased by an apostrophe. Thomas of Celano thought none to be necessary ; why should we think otherwise ? In the third verse of the Mantuan text there is perhaps one in the weak inversion, *Dies illa, dies irae* ; but even that text is not improved by it.

Another point which demands consideration, and which partly depends upon the former, is the liberty which many writers have taken of changing the tense from the future to the present throughout. No doubt the present tense may be managed as a historical present, so as clearly to shew forth the future meaning which is to be given to it by the reader ; and Dr. Dobbin has skilfully managed this by beginning with the following emphatic verse—

“Cometh the day, that day of ire,  
When melts the universe in fire,  
By Sibyl sung and David’s lyre.”

The prominence here given to the word *cometh* marks the sense which the present tense is to have throughout ; but without some such note of meaning as this it seems better to preserve the future. Thus the familiar Dr. Irons, in his version in H.A.M., hardly brings out enough in his first verse the notion of the *coming* of the day of wrath ; apostrophizing a day is not to say the day will come ; if he had used the future tense it would have been different ; but when he goes on *O what fear man’s bosom rendeth* all seems vague, the occasion of the fear seems insufficiently defined even by the succeeding line, and the use of the present tense hardly gives so much force and vigor as the writer probably intended it should give.

But I must not find fault too liberally ; and a really good translator will hardly need such warnings as he might get from ungrammatical first verses like Dr. Coles’—

<sup>2</sup> The American, Dr. Stryker, has actually made this blunder in a literal prose version which he has printed, but which I have thought it needless to reproduce.

"Day of wrath, that day of burning,  
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,  
All the world to ashes turning"—<sup>3</sup>

or from far-fetched participles entailed on a man by the exigencies of double rhyme.

No; it will be a pleasanter task to call attention to a few really good first verses. And as it has hitherto been necessary to speak rather badly of the American versions, one of those shall be put first, which is as good as any that I have seen.

"The day of anger, ah that day,  
Shall melt the world in flames away,  
This David and the Sibyl say."

In this, by Mr. Henry MacDonald, *ah that day* must be taken as a parenthesis, and then the simplicity of the wording and the emphasis of the last line are both very good points in its favor.

Of those which are now commonly inserted in hymnals, the best is perhaps Isaac Williams'—

"Day of wrath, that awful day  
Shall the bannered cross display,  
Earth in ashes melt away."

These following vary somewhat from the ordinary style—

"Nigher still and still more nigh  
Draws the day of prophecy,  
Doomed to melt the earth and sky."

—*Caswall.*

"Dawns the day, the day of dread,  
Fast the fires of ruin spread,  
David with the Sibyl said."

—"Messenger of the Sacred Heart," 1875.

Before passing on it may be well to point out a singular mistake made by another Roman Catholic translation, which is believed to be an early one of Father Aylward, in the "Crown of Jesus," 1862—

<sup>3</sup> The writer probably intended a relative to be supplied, "Day of wrath concerning which Seer and Sibyl speak;" but it is hardly a fit case for such an omission.

“Day of wrath, that day of woe,  
Doomed to melt all things below,  
Psalms and Sibyl-songs foreshew.”

The translator's difficulty for a rhyme has caused him to restrict the day of judgment to the earth—all things *below*—forgetting that “the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved.” (Dorian N.T.)

In the tabulated views <sup>4</sup> of which I am now about to give the first, it will be seen, first, that they relate chiefly to words, phrases, and turns of expression, and therefore if any line does not admit of insertion in such a table it is omitted; and, secondly, I have to premise that slight differences in the order of the same words are occasionally disregarded; thus, for instance, *David and the Sibyl* and *The Sibyl and David* would be placed under the same head. The versions also not in triplets are sometimes, not admitting of insertion, left out; and in short, though the tabulations may be considered correct as far as they go, they are not to be taken as altogether exhaustive.

*Line i.*—Wrath, 40; anger, 7; ire, 6; vengeance, 4; judgment, 2; fury, horror, doom, each 1.

Dread, dreaded, dreadful, 12; awful, 6.

*Line ii.*—World, 25; heaven, 2; earth, 19; heaven and earth, 10; earth and sky, 2; earth and time, 1; time, 2; ages, 2; universe, 2.

Ashes, 31; dust, 3; dust and ashes, 2; fire, 12; flame, 10; smoke, 1; embers, 2; *crumbling* fire, 1; fire and smoke and thunder, 1.

Melt, 17; consume, 4; dissolve, 4; lay (in ashes), 11; turn (to ashes), 3; burn, 3; expire, 2; fade, flee.

*Line iii.*—Reading *Sibylla*. David and Sibyl, 27; Seer and Sibyl, 9; Seer and Psalmist, 6; Sibyl and Psalmist, 3; Oracle and Psalmist, 1; Sibyl and Prophet, 5; Psalm and Sibyl, 6; David and Seer, 4; Saint and Seer, 3; David (alone), 1; Seer (alone), 2; Seer and *heathen*, 1; *all* Seers, 1; Prophet and Priestess, 1; Zion, 1; Scripture, 2.

Reading *Crucis*. Bannered cross, 3; banner of the cross, 1; cross (simply), 3; sign, 1.

<sup>4</sup> Many of the latter versions are not included.



2. Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

As indeed all through the Hymn, a simple rendering is here the best; "weird horrors," for instance, should be avoided, which a Roman Catholic writer (Mr. Charles Kent, Barrister-at-Law) in the *Month* of November, 1874, has inserted. The additional idea of some is not only useless, but wrong, as this line of Mr. Samuel Watson (*Belford's Magazine*, Toronto, May, 1878)—

"When the Judge shall come *in glooming*;"

the writer probably remembered that our Lord will come in a cloud, which is no doubt true, but the cloud will be a bright one.

The verse is not one of the most difficult to turn, but yet most translators seem to have diluted it more or less, and some unfortunately by sinking the last line, which is just what should be prominent; so Archdeacon Rowan of Ardfert, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal* for June, 1849—

"Lo, that solemn Advent nearing,  
How the nations mazed and fearing  
Wait their Judge's reappearing."

The point in this last line is of course in the word *discussurus*, not so much to judge as to search and thoroughly, *stricte*, lay bare. To express the idea, the word *assize* is not a bad one; I do not, however, find that many translators have used it here, though there are examples in James Dymock, 1687, and in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, 1875; and others have used the word in the fourth verse and at the end of the hymn. Mr. Copeland's version—

"What a trembling far and near,  
When the Judge shall straight appear  
Winnowing all with fan severe"—

is the only instance of an allusion to the text, "Whose fan is in His hand," though it is not very uncommon to introduce a kindred idea by the use of the word "sift." Another metaphor, as might be expected, is sometimes suggested by the use of the word "weigh."

*Line i.*—Fear, 24; trembling, 17; terror, 14; tremor, 4; dread, 6; horror, 2.

Of several other words, such as fright, agony, distress, there are solitary instances.

*Line ii.*—Judge, all but universal; avenger, 1; “judgment sign,” 1. Christ, Christ Jesus, Redeemer, each once used.

*Epithets.* Great, 3; severe, 3; dread, dreadful, 2; impartial, 2; sore, strict, high, righteous, tremendous, omniscient, potent.

*Line iii.*—So very variously dealt with as to hinder classing.

3. Tuba mirum spargens sonum,  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.”

The trumpet gives a wondrous sound, but there is no need to say that it “blares,” as Dr. Macgill, 1876, and two or three writers of America do.

“Blares aloud that trump of thunder,  
Crashing, waking death in wonder,  
Citing all the white throne under.”

—*Dr. Macgill.*

One is reminded of Lord Tennyson’s line, “Warble, O bugle, and, trumpet blare”—the word may do very well for military music to welcome the Princess of Wales, but it cannot suit the trumpet of the last day of judgment. Of the Americans who have used it, one is Dr. Coles, who in another version calls the sound a “reverberating roar;” this is even worse. The word itself, *trumpet* or *trump*, is used almost without exception; W. J. Blew turns it into an “unearthly clarion”<sup>5</sup> in a verse which is an example of what I have called the sensational style; and two or three others simply speak of “the blast.”

“Hear the unearthly clarion knelling  
Through dim vault and charnel dwelling,  
All before the throne compelling.”

—*Blew.*

If this characteristic of the sound is to be emphasized, a simple way of doing it is “with loudest crash” (*The Lamp*, 1856), and if the

<sup>5</sup> The word *clarion* had been used before in the “Bona Mors” version.

blast is to be attributed to any agent, it should be to the Almighty Himself—"the voice of the archangel and the trump (*tuba*) of God"—it would seem that to give the trump to the archangel, as is sometimes done, is a sort of confusion arising from the seven apocalyptic trumpets. Still, Dean Stanley and other writers have made the trump an angelic one; and it is indeed very few who have made it divine. Among these few are the Rosarists, and, later, Dr. Coles, in two of his versions; in his freer version in couplets he has taken the fuller idea of St. Paul as above—the lines, except the "dreadful shrieks," are good—

"What dreadful shrieks the air shall rend  
When all shall see the Judge descend,  
And hear the Archangel's echoing shout  
From heavenly spaces ringing out.  
The trump of God with quickening breath  
Shall pierce the silent realms of death  
And sound the summons in each ear,  
Arise, thy Maker calls: appear."

While another American, calling himself "Somniator," though also introducing both the Almighty and the angel, has curiously enough exactly reversed St. Paul's expression, and written of *The archangel's trump, the voice of God*.

The other points to be noticed are the force of *regiones* and *coget*. The *regions* being, of course, in strictness the four quarters of the earth—the four corners, as Dr. Coles in one version has it—this idea, or a kindred one, should be preserved (but let no one go after Mr. Justice O'Hagan and rhyme *regions* with *obedience*), whereas such generalities as *tombs of earth, death's dominions, caves sepulchral, earth's myriad graveyards, dark and dusty dwellings (sic)*, lose sight of it; also to translate the *regiones* into kingdoms, or as Mr. Copeland has it, *empires*, is an error—the word has not, that I can find, this sense at all; a good general rendering is perhaps "death's valley" (Miss Pearson, an American lady). *Coget*, too, must not be watered down into a mere statement of the fact that the dead will come—the blast brings them. But to find a word is difficult; *summon* and *bid* are perhaps hardly strong enough, for a summons and a bidding may be disregarded. So indeed may a citation, but we know at once that if it be, further steps are often taken; and though this is true also, and indeed more universally true, of a "summons" in the technical



sense, yet this sense is not so evident in the word *summon* as in *cite*; *cite* therefore has more of the required force, and is preferable. Of other words which have not this technical sense about them, *force* and *hale*, though quite strong enough, seem not sufficiently dignified; *compel* is probably as good a word as can be found; *bring up* is less common, and thus perhaps better still. It should be said that unless otherwise stated all words suggested are actually found in at least one version. A fine, solemn line is the Rev. A. T. Russel's (1851), *To the tomb the trumpet calleth*.

On the whole, then, some of the best and simplest renderings of this third verse appear to be these—

“The trumpet’s wonder-working tone Through graves in every region blown Shall hale us all before the throne.”	“Hark the trumpet’s wondrous tone Through the tombs of every zone, Summons all before the throne.”
—H. F. Macdonald ( <i>America</i> ).	—Dr. Philip Schaff, 1869.

For its singular metre and word in the last line, this, of which a specimen has not yet been given, must be quoted—

The dismal trumpet with sad tone  
Sounds to the grave of every one  
To rise and rendez-vous before His Throne.”

—Anon., 1694 (“*Thomas à Kempis*”).

*Line i.*—Trumpet, 56; trumpets in plural, 1; trump, 32; clarion, 3; “trump of clarion,” 1; blast (alone), 2; *other additional words*: tone, 18; sound, 13; voice, 3; blare (noun), 3; blare (verb), 1.

*Epithets.* Wondrous, 18; awful, 6; thrilling, 4; dreadful, 3; startling, 2; thundering, fearful, unearthly, shrill, hoarse, terrific, astounding, mysterious.

*Line ii.*—Cannot well be classed.

*Line iii.*—Verbs representing *coget*: Summon, 15; compel, 11; call, 10; bid, 5; gather, 6; cite, 3; bring, 3; force, 4; drive, 3; muster, 2; hale, command, constrain.

## COMMENT ON THE "DIES IRAE."

## STANZAS I-III.

## I.

Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sybilla.

## I.

The day of wrath, that day  
Shall reduce the world to glowing ashes,  
So saith David, with the Sibyl.

All lovers of the great hymn will probably find Mr. Warren's "Notes" quite as interesting as they undoubtedly are valuable. Assuredly, the task of the translator is herculean. His many failures are so many confessions: "I am haunted," we can almost hear him say, "by the subtle melody of the Latin original, by the triple verse of the strophe, by the cadenced rhyme falling upon my ear with the rhythmic insistence of sledge upon anvil:—

' Could I but speak it and show it,  
This pleasure more sharp than pain  
That baffles and lures me so,  
The world should once more have a poet  
Such as it had  
In the ages glad  
Long ago'—

that is, such as it had in the humble Franciscan friar in that marvellous age known to the ecclesiast, the schoolman, the artist, the poet, as the Thirteenth Century of the Christian Era. But English is a rugged speech, and Latin a mellifluous tongue; trochaic verse singularly accords with the genius of a syntax not hinged upon the unavoidable particles of my own language, but moving upon the oiled courses of inflectional speech; continuous trochaic rhyming, so natural to a vocabulary that knows no accent on the final syllable of a word, is a practical impossibility—so declareth Mr. Warren—in English. So much for the mere external form that thus 'baffles and lures me so.' But the crystalline condensation of the idea possible to the Latin, the amber-like solidity yet lucidity of the phrase—how shall I imitate that? *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*, in my forced acceptance of the intractable trochaic opening of each verse. English expression lends itself so naturally to iambic metre that nearly all of our verse is iambic;

but how dare I sacrifice to such a necessity the incomparable melody of the Latin masterpiece?"

The particles and accents of English do indeed make iambic the most facile of all metres and trochaic (and for a similar reason, dactylic) the most difficult. But the difficulty of the double rhyming essential to pure trochaic lines is well-nigh insurmountable. Mr. Warren has demonstrated this difficulty *a posteriori* in such an admirable fashion as to leave nothing to be desired. But it is not *de trop* to quote in this connection General Dix's rather humorous allusion to the difficulty, in his comment on his own translation of the first stanza:

(1863.)

Day of vengeance without morrow,  
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,  
As from saint and seer we borrow.

"It is this stanza," wrote the General, "which has always proved most troublesome to translators, and it is the one with which I was dissatisfied more than with any other in my translation when I allowed it to go to the press. My dissatisfaction was greatly increased a few years later on finding in one of Thackeray's novels—I do not at this moment recollect which—a passage somewhat like this: 'When a man is cudgeling his brains to find any other rhymes for "sorrow" than "borrow" and "morrow," he is nearer the end of his woes than he imagines': I felt instinctively that any one familiar with this passage would, on reading my translation, be conscious, at the very commencement, of a sense of the ludicrous altogether incompatible with the solemnity of the subject. I therefore resolved, at my earliest leisure, to attempt the production of an improved version of the first stanza; and in doing so I remodelled several others, to make them conform more nearly to the original . . . How successful I have been in the change I have made in the first two lines of the stanza I am at a loss to determine. I can only say that, after an elaborate effort, it was the best I could do."<sup>1</sup> This is General Dix's revision of the stanza:

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of John A. Dix*, II, pp. 233-4.



(1875.)

Day of vengeance, lo ! that morning  
 On the earth in ashes dawning,  
 David with the Sybil warning.

Quite apart from the question of the bad rhyming of "dawning" with "warning" and "morning," the revision has dropped out of sight the important future tense of the Latin—a tense faithfully reproduced in the first draft; and in addition to this distinct loss, there is in the whole stanza an uncomfortable suggestion of the "ablative absolute" construction which is found only in the first line of the first draft. The old wine was the best, and the General has but added one more to the many illustrations of the thesis maintained by Dr. Coles<sup>2</sup> (who translated the hymn eighteen times), that no single version can reflect the totality of the original:

"To preserve, in connection with the utmost fidelity and strictness of rendering, all the rhythmic merits of the Latin original,—to attain to a vital likeness as well as to an exact literalness, at the same time that nothing is sacrificed of its musical sonorousness and billowy grandeur, easy and graceful in its swing as the ocean on its bed,—to make the verbal copy, otherwise cold and dead, glow with the fire of lyric passion,—to reflect, and that too by means of a single version, the manifold aspects of the many-sided original, exhausting at once its wonderful fulness and pregnancy,—to cause the white light of the primitive so to pass through the medium of another language as that it shall undergo no refraction whatever,—would be desirable, certainly, were it practicable; but so much as this it were unreasonable to expect in a single version."

Dr. Coles thus apologizes for his *tour de force* in making so many versions. It is doubtful, to say the least, whether the success of his effort can be considered as having justified it; and his *apologia* is quoted here merely as a rhetorical summary of the difficulties crowding hard upon the translator. The untranslatableness of the hymn is also testified to by the Rev. Mr. Duffield, who confessed that he thought his sixth version had not carried him "one inch" beyond his first.

<sup>2</sup> *Dies Irae in Thirteen Original Versions*, 5th ed., p. 33.

## I.—DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA.

Doubtless one of the elements of difficulty found in translating the first stanza arises from the startling suddenness with which the poet ushers in his theme: *Dies irae, dies illa*. Without premonitory hint of any kind, "as in the twinkling of an eye" (as St. Paul strikingly puts it), we are brought face to face with the one thing we would have farthest removed from our thoughts. The awful pageant of convulsed nature<sup>3</sup>—the roarings

<sup>3</sup> The "signs and wonders" heralding the Day of Judgment are very strikingly set forth in W. G. Palgrave's poem (written in 1844, when the full tide of British versions of the *Dies Irae* had set in but a few years) entitled "The Eve of the Day of Judgment." Our readers will pardon us if we quote it entire in this connection, partly as a vivid description of the preludings of the Last Trumpet, partly as an introduction to the great hymn itself, and partly as an illustration of a curious stanzaic and rhymic scheme—the last word of each stanza rhyming with the four lines of the succeeding stanza, while the last word of the last stanza rhymes with the four lines of the first, a complete cycle of rhyme being thus completed:

When he comes Who died on Tree  
Signs and wonders there shall be  
In the earth and air and sea,  
Horror and perplexity  
On the quick and dead.

Darkness o'er the earth shall spread,  
Earth shall reel beneath the tread,  
Strange amazement overhead,  
Round them shall be fear and dread  
As a troubled dream.

All shall strange and altered seem,  
As from some unwonted gleam,  
Plain or mountain, marsh or stream,  
Other shew than we did deem  
Mid the mist and rain.

Forms the eye may not retain  
Shall be seen and lost again,  
Sounds be heard of broken strain,  
Frequent on the shaded plain  
Or the lonely way.

Near when draws that wrathful day  
Nature's bonds shall all decay;  
Stone from stone shall drop away,  
Wood from wood and clay from clay,  
Nought be constant there.

Ships that mid the waters fare  
Sink tho' smooth the waves and fair,  
Birds shall fall through yielding air,  
Earth the tread refuse to bear  
And asunder start.

Wearied all, amazed, apart  
Shall remain with speechless smart,  
Failing eyes and sickening heart,  
Longing till the shadows part  
And the darkness hie.

They for death aloud shall cry,  
But before them death shall fly;  
Ever present to their eye,  
Yet their prayer shall he deny,  
Mocking at their moan.

Rock and water, wood and stone,  
With a lamentable groan,  
Him Who sits upon the Throne  
Call to haste and take His own,  
And no more delay.

Yet ere dawn the eternal day  
Such long night must wear away;  
*If before it such dismay,*  
*What shall be that very Day,*  
*What that Judgment be?*

of the sea, the stars falling from heaven, the darkened sun and moon, and the moving of the powers of heaven—prophesied by our Saviour, was no doubt in the poet's mind when he wrote ; but none of these terrors does he picture for us—nor even the fore-heralding of these in the moral convulsions in the nations of the earth—as an introduction to the Day itself. With a frightful abruptness the theme is announced ; but the Scriptural text—a classical one in Latin—on which the hymn is built made that abruptness not inartistic in the Latin, while the absence of a similar classical text in English allows the translator to stumble blindly for an opening line that shall, like the original, seem like a blast blown from the very "trump of God" itself. The Latin text, namely, was that of the prophet Sophonias (I, 15 : 16) :

Dies irae, dies illa  
dies tribulationis et angustiae,  
dies calamitatis et miseriae,  
dies tenebrarum et caliginis,  
dies nebulae et turbinis,  
dies tubae et clangoris . . . . .

Such is doubtless the inspirational text of the hymn, furnishing it at once with the *motif* and the first utterance thereof. The "tuba" is heard throughout ; but what similar classic and conventional text do we find in English ? "That day is a day of wrath" is the rendering of the text into English. Its Biblical use would fit it for the office of "first line" in an English version of the hymn, and no other rendering could be anything else than a weak dilution of its simple, direct strength. It must be the final English rendering ; but, unfortunately, that rendering is not rhythmical, and no amount of tortuous ingenuity can make it rhythmical.

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It would be a curious and interesting experiment to give a paraphrase of the *Dies Irae* in a similar series of rhyme-coupled stanzas. The metre—trochaic 7s—is a favorite one with translators of the hymn. The marvellous triple trochaic rhyming of the original would indeed be lost ; but its absence could in a measure be atoned for by a certain soberness and solemnity found in the repetition of the fourfold rhyme :

O that day, the day of ire,  
When in vast consuming fire  
Earth and Time at length expire,  
David's psalm and Sibyl's lyre  
Did of old foreshow.

Ah, how many a dying throe  
Heaven and earth shall undergo  
When the Judge of weal and woe  
Comes in flaming after-glow  
All their deeds to try ! etc.



"Stat difficultas" for the translator; and the difficulty stares him in the face at the very commencement of his task—is indeed the very threshold of the mansion he would enter. If at least an approximate conformity to the original rhythm were not so desirable as it is in such a hymn, it would indeed be possible to translate the opening line with absolute literalness :

The Day of wrath—that day  
Shall melt the earth away,  
As Saint and Sybil say.

An interesting illustration of the startling suddenness of the opening line is furnished by Sir Walter Scott's fragment of the hymn introduced into the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Even with an introductory warning, how suddenly the grand line bursts upon the ear !

"The mass was sung, and prayers were said,  
And solemn requiem for the dead ;  
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,  
For the departed spirit's weal ;  
And ever in the office close  
The hymn of intercession rose ;  
And far the echoing aisles prolong  
The awful burden of the song :

*Dies irae, dies illa !*

*Solvat saeculum in favilla :*

While the pealing organ rung ;  
Were it meet with sacred strain  
To close my lay so light and vain,  
Thus the holy Fathers sung :

That day of wrath, that dreadful day !  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When shrivelling like a parchéd scroll  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet and yet more dread  
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !"

The author of the Mantuan Marble text apparently shared the same feeling that the abruptness of the first line of the hymn demanded some kind of introduction; and accordingly he begins with a quiet warning:

Cogita, anima fidelis,  
Ad quid respondere velis  
Christo venturo de coelis,—

Think, O Christian soul, and sigh—  
Unto what thou must reply,  
When Christ cometh from the sky!  
—Version of DR. IRONS (1848)—

and follows on with the three stanzas already printed in the November issue of THE DOLPHIN. Doubtless for the same reason a certain Stephanus Proisthinius, who attributed the authorship of the hymn to St. Bernard, includes for the hymn the following prologue:

Cum recorde moriturus  
Quid post mortem sim futurus  
Terror terret me venturus  
Quem exspecto non securus.  
Terret dies me terroris,  
Dies irae ac furoris,  
Dies luctus ac moeroris,  
Dies ultrix peccatoris,  
Dies Irae, dies illa, etc.

When I, doomed to certain death,  
Think what follows my last breath,  
Grips me now that coming terror  
Shadowed forth as from a mirror:  
Day of tumult and of clangor,  
Day of vengeance and of anger,  
Day of grief and tears and wailing,  
Day of vengeance all-prevailing,  
Day of wrath, that awful morning, etc.

These verses, however, antedate the hymn, and are found in a MS. of the twelfth century, where they form part of a long hymn of nearly 400 lines which was published for the first time in complete form by Edélestand du Meril in his *Poésies Populaires du Moyen Age*, and afterwards by Mone.

So, too, Goethe in the Church Scene in *Faust* makes Mephistopheles suggest the unhappy earthly future of Marguerite, before the choir utters the terrors of the unearthly future in the words:

Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla.

It is an interesting fact that the two grandest of all the mediæval hymns should have had for their first lines almost startlingly abrupt quotations from the Scriptures. Thus the *Stabat Mater*, by another Franciscan, Jacopone da Todi, commences with a quotation from St. John (19: 25). The quotations from Sophonias and St. John are only two out of the well-nigh innumerable illus-

trations of the splendid familiarity of the world of the Middle Ages with the Scriptures of both the Old and the New Testament. How could D'Aubigné and Milner have written as they did on this subject?

## II.—SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA.

Mr. Warren notes that some translators make an apostrophe of the first line, and are thus forced to render *solvet* intransitively: "They appear to take *sæclum* as the nominative to *solvet*, and *solvet* as a neuter verb, which it never is." He thinks that if such a rendering is ever justifiable in a poetic paraphrase, it can not be so in a literal translation. Apropos, a certain M. W. Stryker published, some ten years after Mr. Warren's essay (not then elaborated into the volume which he afterwards published) was written, a little volume on the *Dies Irae*, which served the purpose of printing the Latin text with a "Literal Prose Translation," and two versified renderings of his own. It is one of the latest volumes which have appeared on the subject, and on consulting it, I find the first stanza translated literally just in the way Mr. Warren deprecates:

Day of wrath! that day!  
The age shall dissolve in glowing embers,  
David with the Sibyl being witness.

The exclamation-points indicate clearly that the translator is indirectly apostrophizing the "Day." The confusion of ideas in rendering *solvet* sometimes transitively, sometimes intransitively, perhaps arises from the fact that the English *dissolve* may be used in either way, while the Latin *solvet* can be used only transitively. Mr. Stryker evidently makes *sæclum* the subject of *solvet*, instead of the object. The word *solvet* is taken directly from II Peter 3: 10-12: "Adveniet autem dies Domini, ut fur: in quo coeli magno impetu transient, elementa vero calore *solventur*, terra autem et quae in ipsa sunt opera exurentur. Cum igitur haec omnia *dissolvenda* sint . . . properantes in adventum diei Domini per quem caeli ardentes *solventur*, et elementa ignis ardore tabescent—(But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief: in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the



elements shall be melted with heat, and the earth and the works which are in it shall be burnt up. Seeing then that all these things are to be *dissolved*," etc.).

Mr. Warren remarks that out of his collection of versions, 31 render the word *favilla*, ashes; 3, dust; 2, dust and ashes; 12, fire; 10, flame; 1, smoke; 1, embers; 1, fire and smoke and thunder; 1, crumbling fire. Of all these, "embers" would seem to be the best translation—but glowing embers would be a better one. For the poet chose a strikingly vivid word in *favilla*, which does not merely mean "ashes," but "glowing" ashes or embers. The world shall indeed be destroyed; but the whirlwind of fire shall scarce have consumed it ere the Judgment begin.

### III.—TESTE DAVID CUM SYBILLA.

The Mantuan text has *Petro* instead of *David*. The testimony of Peter is found in his second Epistle (chapter 3, verse 7): "But the heavens and the earth which now are . . . are . . . reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of the ungodly men;" and again (verse 10): "But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief: in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the elements shall be melted with great heat, and the earth and the works which are in it, shall be burnt up." While such texts as these would naturally suggest the name of Peter, it is probable that they were not in the mind of the singer, who had found in his daily psalmody so many allusions of David's to the great Day: "He shall rain snares upon sinners; fire and brimstone and storms of winds shall be the portion of their cup" (Ps. 10: 7); "God shall come manifestly, our God shall come, and shall not keep silence. A fire shall burn before him; and a mighty tempest shall be round about him. He shall call heaven from above; and the earth, to judge his people. Gather ye together his saints to him; who set his covenant before sacrifices. And the heavens shall declare his justice; for God is judge" (Ps. 49: 3-6); and finally: "In the beginning, O Lord, thou foundedst the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou remainest; and all of them shall grow old like a garment. And as a vesture thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed" (Ps. 101: 26-28).

Mr. Warren notes the various renderings of the line. Let us add that General Dix had first translated it

“As from saint and seer we borrow,”

but revised it into

“David and the Sibyl warning,”

for the curious reason that “it was not quite orthodox to style King David a saint, though he was in his latter days a model of true penitence. Besides, I believe there is a Saint David in the calendar, and there is danger of confounding them.”

A few French missals have omitted the line and have introduced an entirely new one—

Crucis expandens vexilla,—

which is placed in the middle of the stanza. The omission attempts apparently to avoid a reference to the Sibyl. Dean Trench accounts for the change by the supposition of “an unwillingness to allow a Sibyl to appear as bearing witness to Christian truth;” and he thinks the reference to the Sibyl “quite in the spirit of the early and mediæval theology. In those uncritical ages the Sibylline verses were not seen to be that transparent forgery which indeed they are; but were continually appealed to as only second to the Sacred Scriptures in prophetic authority; thus on this very matter of the destruction of the world, by Lactantius, *Inst. Div.*, vii, 16–24; cf. Piper, *Method. d. Christl. Kunst*, p. 472–507; those, with other heathen testimonies of the same kind, being not so much subordinated to more legitimate prophecy, as coördinated with it, the two being regarded as parallel lines of prophecy, the Church’s and the World’s, and consenting witness to the same truths. Thus is it in a curious mediæval mystery on the Nativity, published in the *Journal des Savans*, 1846, p. 88. It is of simplest construction. One after another patriarchs, and prophets, and kings of the Old Covenant advance and repeat their most remarkable word about Him that should come; but side by side with them a series of heathen witnesses, *Virgil*, on the ground of his fourth eclogue, *Nebuchadnezzar* (Dan. 3: 25), and the *Sibyl*; and that it was the writer’s intention to

parallelize the two series, and to show that Christ had the testimony of both, is plain from some opening lines of the prologue:—

‘ O Judaei, Verbum Dei  
Qui negatis, Hominem  
Vestrae legis, testem Regis  
Audite per ordinem.

Et vos, gentes, non credentes  
Peperisse virginem,  
Vestrae gentis documentis  
Pellite caliginem.’

And such is the meaning here—‘That such a day shall be has the witness of inspiration, of David,—and of mere natural religion, of the Sibyl—Jew and Gentile alike bearing testimony to the truths which we Christians believe.’ All this makes it certain that we should read *Teste David*, and not *Teste Petro*.” We may not enter upon a discussion of the authenticity or genuineness of the Sibylline books. Billuart remarks that while some reject the books and oracles as Christian figments, and others accept them, perhaps the juster opinion is that neither are the oracles Christian figments nor are they genuine and incorrupt (*Tract. de Incarn.*, Diss. II, Digr. II). For a somewhat extended discussion, the volume *Prophéties* of Migne’s *Encyc. Theol.*, article *Sibylles*, may prove acceptable. The author despatches the question of the authenticity, etc., of the oracles in a concluding summary: “Le lecteur . . . fera bien de ne conserver les vers sibyllins que comme un objet de pure curiosité, nous ne disons pas de littérature, et sans y attacher une plus grande importance.”

Mohnike thinks that the author of *Dies Irae* had in mind the verses of the Erythraean Sibyl, which Eusebius gives in Greek (forming the well-known acrostic, Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ υἱὸς σωτήρ—Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour) and which St. Augustine quotes, in a Latin translation which attempts to preserve, poorly enough, the transliterated Greek acrostic.<sup>3</sup> Mystical-minded, St. Augustine calls attention to the fact that there are just twenty-seven lines in the extract, and that twenty-seven is the cube of three; and that “if you join the initial letters of the five Greek words” you will get the word ἰχθὺς, “that is, ‘fish,’ in which word Christ is mystically understood, because He was able to live, that is, to exist, without sin in the abyss of this mortality as in the depth of waters.” The saint also points out that in the Latin

<sup>3</sup> *De Civ. Dei*, xviii, 23.



verses "the meaning of the Greek is correctly given, although not in the exact order of the lines as connected with the initial letters." The translation, with the acrostic rectified, appears in another rendering :

Judicii adventu tellus sudore madescet ;  
 E coelo veniet princeps per saecula futurus,  
 Scilicet ut carnem praesens ut judicet orbem ;  
 Omnis homo, fidusque deum infidusque videbit,  
 Una cum sanctis excelsum fine sub aevi.  
 Sede sedens animas censebit corpora et ipsa,  
 Chersos erit mundus, spinas feret undique tellus.  
 Reiciant simulacra homines et munera Ditis, etc.

The last two lines just quoted preserve the "Ch" and the "Re" of the Greek, as well as obviate the difficulty alluded to by St. Augustine. The acrostic has been rendered several times into English ; by Dr. Schaff, in his edition of "The City of God," by a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer* (Oct., 1861), by an old translator of St. Augustine, J. Healey (1620), whose version, "very much forced and labored," begins :

"In sign of Doomsday the whole world shall sweat ;  
 Ever to reign, a King in heavenly seat  
 Shall come to judge all flesh."

The following translation<sup>4</sup> similarly preserves the acrostical form in English :

I H S O T S	"Judgment shall moisten the earth with the sweat of its standard, Ever enduring, behold the King shall come through the ages, Sent to be here in the flesh, and judge at the last of the world. O God, the believing and faithless alike shall behold Thee Uplifted with saints, when at last the ages are ended. Sifted before Him are souls in the flesh for His Judgment.
X P E I S T O S	Hid in thick vapors, while desolate lieth the earth. Rejected by men are the idols and long hidden treasures ; Earth is consumed by the fire, and it searcheth the ocean and heaven ; Issuing forth, it destroyeth the terrible portals of hell. Saints in their body and soul freedom and light shall inherit ; Those who are guilty shall burn in fire and brimstone forever. Occult actions revealing, each one shall publish his secrets ; Secrets of every man's heart God shall reveal in the light.

<sup>4</sup> *The City of God.* Translated by the Rev. Marcus Dods. Edinburgh. Vol. II, p. 242.

ΘΕΟΤ

Then shall be weeping and wailing, yea, and gnashing of teeth ;  
Eclipsed is the sun, and silenced the stars in their chorus.  
Over and gone is the splendor of moonlight, melted the heaven.  
Uplifted by Him are the valleys, and cast down the mountains.

ΤΙΟΖ

Utterly gone among men are distinctions of lofty and lowly.  
Into the plains rush the hills, the skies and oceans are mingled.  
Oh, what an end of all things ! earth broken in pieces shall perish ;  
Swelling together at once shall the waters and flames flow in rivers.

ΣΥΤΗΡ

Sounding the archangel's trumpet shall peal down from heaven,  
Over the wicked who groan in their guilt and their manifold sorrows.  
Trembling, the earth shall be opened, revealing chaos and hell.  
Every king before God shall stand in that day to be judged.  
Rivers of fire and of brimstone shall fall from the heavens."

Strikingly suggestive though these lines be of the theme and content of the *Dies Irae*, Daniel in his *Thesaurus*<sup>5</sup> is inclined to think that the mediæval singer caught some of his suggestions rather from portions of the Sybilline Oracles other than the *locus classicus* just quoted in translation from the *City of God*. He gives five quotations in Chateillon's Latin version, and not inappropriately asks ; "Sed unde Saul inter prophetas ? Quid Sibylla in carmine ecclesiae ?" The Sybilline prophecy is indeed so explicit as to justify anyone in wondering how Saul should be found amongst the prophets ! Daniel, however, does not ask his questions reprovingly, but quotes Staudenmaier,<sup>6</sup> who, apparently crediting the Sibylline Oracles, extols their profound and lofty assertion of the providence of God over His creation, shows how the supernatural revelations of the prophets have their counterpart in the Sibylline Oracles that enlightened the pagans, while both declare the justice of God in language which culminates in the grand description of the consummation of all things.

In deference to the critical thought that declares the Sibylline Oracles to be spurious, or at least corrupt, should the line be changed, as we have found some of the French texts doing ? The task would be a long one to eliminate the Sibyls from the works of the Fathers, the hymns of the Middle Ages and from such masterpieces of Christian Art as the five Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel, the

<sup>5</sup> II, p. 124.

<sup>6</sup> Geist des Christenthums, etc., II, p. 483.

Delphic Sibyls in Van Eyck's altar-piece at Ghent, the eight in Ulm Cathedral, not to speak of the series of twelve which once existed at Cheyney Court in Herefordshire. Once we begin tampering with the text of the *Dies Irae*, we shall have the French "Crucis expandens vexilla" to get rid of the Sibyl, and the German "Petro" to get rid of the "David." "The old wine is the best."

The Protestant Dr. Schaff remarked that "the mythical Sibyl, which, as the representative of the unconscious prophecies of heathendom, is here placed alongside the singer and prophet of Israel, has long since lost the importance which it once occupied in the apologetic theory of the fathers and schoolmen. Yet there is a truth underlying this use made of the Sibylline oracles, and the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, inasmuch as heathenism, in its nobler spirits, was groping in the dark after 'the unknown God,' and bore negative and indirect testimony to Christ, as the Old Testament positively and directly predicted and foreshadowed His coming." (*Christ in Song*, p. 374.)

## II.

Quantus tremor est futurus  
Quando iudex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

## II.

What trembling there shall be  
When the Judge shall come  
To investigate rigidly all things,

Little need be added to Mr. Warren's interesting analysis of this stanza. It recalls the words of our Lord in St. Luke: "And there shall be signs in the sun . . . and upon the earth distress of nations . . . Men withering away for fear, and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world . . . And then they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud with great majesty."

Many editors and translators of the hymn have indulged in rhetorical appreciations of the hymn as a whole, but in very few instances have undertaken to analyze any verse of the hymn in detail from a poetical standpoint. An approach to such analysis is found in Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, where the editor says, apropos of the Mantuan prologue and Haemmerlin epilogue (which he thinks are "feeble, lumbering excrescences, and are fastened to it in such an external way as to destroy the unity of the poem if left as they



stand"): "The text in the Missal gives us a new conception of the powers of the Latin tongue. Its wonderful wedding of sense to sound—the *u* assonance in the second stanza, the *o* assonance in the third, and the *a* and *i* assonances in the fourth, for instance—the sense of organ music that runs through the hymn, even unaccompanied, as distinctly as through the opening verses of Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' and the transition as clearly marked in sound as in meaning from lofty adoration to pathetic entreaty, impart a grandeur and dignity to the *Dies Irae* which are unique in this kind of writing." Here attention is directed to a poetic value—that of assonance—in the hymn; and the quotation from Duffield is made in this place, as the illustration of the assonance begins with this second stanza.

## III.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

## III.

The trumpet scattering a wondrous sound  
Through the sepulchres of the earth  
Shall gather all before the throne.

I find in Saintsbury's *Flourishing of Romance* (p. 9) an interesting word on the first line: "It would be possible, indeed, to illustrate a complete dissertation on the methods of expression in serious poetry from the fifty-one lines of the *Dies Irae*. Rhyme, alliteration, cadence, and adjustment of vowel and consonant values,—all these things receive perfect expression in it, or, at least, in the first thirteen stanzas, for the last four are a little inferior. It is quite astonishing to reflect upon the careful art or the felicitous accident of such a line as

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,

with the thud of the trochee<sup>7</sup> falling in each instance in a different vowel; and still more on the continuous sequence of five stanzas, from *Judex ergo* to *non sit cassus*, in which a word could not be displaced or replaced by another without loss."

An old abecedary on the Last Judgment, ascribed by some to the Venerable Bede, refers to the trumpet:

Clangor tubae per quaternas  
Terrae plagas concinens  
Vivos una mortuosque  
Christo ciet obviam.

Clangor of the trumpet sounding,  
Unto earth's four quarters spread  
Shall before the Judge advancing  
Summon both the quick and dead.

<sup>7</sup> Of course no one of the four is a pure classical trochee: but all obey the trochaic rhythm.

The justness of Mr. Saintsbury's admiration for the line

Tuba mirum spargens sonum

is obvious when we compare *concinens* with *spargens sonum*, or *per quaternas terrae plagas* with *per sepulchra regionum*, or *ciet* with *coget*. *Coget*, by the way, recalls a somewhat similiar word *coerces* used by Horace in his address to Mercury (Bk. I, ix, 5):

Tu pias laetis animas reponis  
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces  
Aurea turbam, superis deorum  
Gratus et imis.

The coercion (*coerces*) used by Mercury is as gentle as it is insistent—the rod he uses is a golden one, yet the airy flock of the blest souls must attain their happy thrones. The idea suggested is that of a shepherd shepherding his fleecy flock into happy pastures. Now with respect to the hymn's use of the word *coget*, it has several times occurred to me that the singer had in mind a similar metaphor; for afterwards, in a more formal way, the figure is elaborated:

Inter oves locum praesta,  
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra.

The souls of men, standing before the tribunal of God, shall be dealt with after the parable of our Saviour; and the sheep of the Gospel picture must be separated from the goats. Virgil uses *cogere* in this sense: "Cogite oves pueri." Those whom the last trumpet must bring before the judgment seat comprise not alone the wicked, but as well the "beloved of my Father"; and the Horatian metaphor of the flock shepherded by Mercury might perhaps be applicable to the picture of the trump that is to gather 'all,' "the good and the bad, the just and the unjust." Force is implied by both words, *coerceo* and *cogo*; but just as Horace adds to the idea of "force" that of gentleness in its exercise, so it may be that in the hymn, too, a similar implication would not prove amiss. Mr. Warren thinks it difficult to find a good word for *coget* in English, for "*summon* and *bid* are perhaps hardly strong enough;" and he prefers the stronger word *cite*. And yet, in such an interpretation, *cite* is not strong enough; for

although we know that, as Mr. Warren argues, a citation, if unheeded, will be followed by stronger measures of the law—still it *may* be disregarded, whereas the last trumpet shall be of all-compelling power. On the other hand, the shepherd's crook, however gentle in its suggestion, is always effective for its purpose. Would not the verb *shepherd* answer the requirements of *coget*?

Then shall the trump's resounding tone  
Scattered through graves of every zone  
Shepherd all souls before the throne.

An additional reason for such an interpretation is furnished by the text of St. Matthew describing the last trumpet (24: 31): "And he shall send his angels with a trumpet, and a great voice: and they shall *gather together* his elect from the four winds, from the farthest parts of the heavens to the utmost bounds of them." Here the effect of the trumpet is that of "gathering together," or shepherding from all parts into one fold. St. Paul (I Cor. 15: 52) lays no stress on the legal citing power of the trumpet, but describes its effect merely: "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible: and we shall be changed." So, too, in I Thess.<sup>8</sup>

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## BROTHER AND SISTER.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

AFTER my departure my sister's disease began to develop with alarming rapidity. She failed visibly from day to day. Sleeplessness, night-sweats, an unconquerable aversion to food, soon exhausted her little remaining strength. Fine thread-like lines of blood began to show in the expectorations, and then hemorrhages, more and more severe, announced the fatal progress of the malady which was fast undermining a constitution naturally vigorous but worn out before its time by the pious excesses of charity. Marguerite was only thirty-two years old.



At this juncture Charles was ordered to Senegal as Lieutenant-Governor. This was a hard blow for him under the circumstances. That he would never see Marguerite again was almost certain, and, to add to his hardships, he was forced to leave for his new post quite alone. For several years past his wife's health had caused him great anxiety, and it was out of the question to take her to such a place. The unwholesome climate would have proved fatal in a few months. Lucie, on the other hand, could not bear to be left behind. The very idea upset her completely, and she was also much distressed because she could not go to Anjou and be with her sister-in-law. The physicians absolutely forbade it. Indeed, she could not have done much good at the Hutterie, and would have been more of a hindrance than a help, as the little woman did not know the first thing about taking care of a sick person.

So it seemed that our dear Guitte was to be left to the care of Cillette and Lexis at the Hutterie. They were faithful and devoted servants, without doubt, and had been with their mistress ever since their childhood, and fairly worshipped her, but the poor creatures were clumsy and incapable of giving the poor invalid the care and attention which her condition demanded.

When I heard of Charles' orders, and knew that Lucie could not go to Anjou, I at first thought of going home myself and staying until the end came; but Providence ordered all for the best. A great friend of Marguerite's, Mademoiselle de la Croix, volunteered to go and live with her and take charge of the house-keeping. This proposal was most gratefully accepted, and Mademoiselle de la Croix was soon established at the head of affairs. Her companionship was a great boon to my sister, for she not only relieved her of all external responsibilities, but cheered her, and helped her to bear the trying ordeal of her illness.

The good country people were in a state of utter consternation when they heard that Mademoiselle Leclère was in danger of death and that the physician had no hope for her recovery. Their grief was, if possible, even more intense than when she had come so near dying ten years before.

Pilgrimages to Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secour, novenas, Holy Communion, days and nights before the Blessed Sacrament—all

the supernatural means at their command were employed by the pious inhabitants of Saint-Laurent and the neighboring parishes to obtain the cure of "*la sainte demoiselle*," as they called her. God had once before given her back in answer to their prayers and vows, but now their supplications seemed to be without effect, and the strength of the girl rapidly ebbed away. It seemed as if heaven begrudged her to the earth, and was hastening the hour of her reward.

The people at home had no very tender feelings toward me at that time, and, it must be confessed, I did not deserve that they should.

"It's too bad, all the same!" was heard on all sides. "Our dear young lady has worn herself out and that's the plain truth, by nursing Monsieur Paul, who has grown to be a wild fellow, if all they say is true. He would have done better to die after a good confession in place of his sister. If she goes, he's the one that will have to answer for it to us. It's a true saying that the good go and the good-for-nothings are hard to kill."

For several years before this the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin at the Massabielle rocks had been talked about, but the pilgrims who visited the grotto were few in number at that time. The innumerable throngs which now hasten to Lourdes from every diocese of France and from all over the Catholic world to venerate the spot whereon the Virgin Mother of God set foot, had not yet been set in motion. However, although the press had not then echoed through the whole world the accounts of the wonders worked by the Mother of Mercy, here and there were heard tales of the extraordinary graces obtained, and these passing from mouth to mouth finally came to the knowledge of the faithful.

Some one in Saint-Laurent had just been to Lourdes, and had come back full of a miracle which had taken place there before his very eyes. The young girls of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which Marguerite had been president for a number of years, listened eagerly to these reports, and all at once the same hope sprang up in their hearts. "Ah, if the Blessed Virgin would only work a miracle for us! She must do it—we will pray so hard that she cannot help answering us. We will take *Mademoiselle Leclère* to Lourdes."

From the plan to its execution is often a long way with men. Women, as a rule, act more promptly. Barely three days after they had first thought of the project, twenty-five or thirty young girls of Saint-Laurent and the adjacent parishes had already obtained permission to go to Lourdes with their beloved president. Mademoiselle de la Croix undertook to unfold their plans to Marguerite and to persuade her to submit to being taken to the Massabielle rocks. At this stage occurred some delay. Marguerite asked that she be given three days before deciding, so that she might pray and reflect, for she would not undertake the journey without making sure that it was in conformity with God's will. After mature deliberation she decided to go.

"I do not agree to go because I wish to be cured," she said to Mademoiselle de la Croix. "I would rather make my sacrifice complete and die for you know whom. If I consulted my own wishes I would not go, for I would rather place myself in my heavenly Mother's care just here where I am. But it seems to me that I have no right to deprive the Children of Mary of the immeasurable graces which the Blessed Virgin will shower down upon them at the place of her apparitions. So take my poor body there, and may the Divine Master dispose all things according to His good pleasure."

As soon as it was known that Marguerite was willing to go, there was universal rejoicing. It was decided to start on Monday, the first of May. Forty young girls took part in the pilgrimage. The Comtesse de Saint Julien joined the travellers in order to give them the benefit of her experience and to see that Marguerite lacked for nothing.

On the Wednesday following, our women of Anjou arrived at Lourdes, and hastened to lay their dear invalid at the feet of Mary Immaculate. For three days and nights their ardent prayers rose to heaven to obtain the favor so much longed for. Several young girls of the Sodality offered to God their own lives in exchange for the one which they wished at all costs to preserve. Some had come to Lourdes in the hope of being relieved from painful infirmities of their own, but they now, in the generous ardor of their love, besought Mary to leave them to suffer and to cure Mademoiselle Leclère instead.



And what did Marguerite do and say all this time? Resting upon a litter at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's image, she placed herself in her hands. "I desire neither life nor death," she prayed; "I only ask that Thou accomplish in my soul the desires of the Heart of Jesus.<sup>1</sup> And yet I have one desire, O my God, —one great desire. Dear Lord, Thou knowest what it is : I thirst for the soul of my brother with the thirst that Thou didst endure upon the Cross for his soul and the souls of all sinners. Take me in exchange, O my God, 'a life for a life !' Give me life eternal for my brother, and take my life in this world. Take my body, my heart and my soul. Strike, crush, consume me, O Lord, only give me, oh ! give me through Mary the soul of this child !"

The sodalists prayed perseveringly, but the Blessed Virgin did not seem to hear them. Two of those who offered up their lives for my sister were cured by the touch of the miraculous water, but Marguerite experienced no relief, although she was several times immersed in the healing flood.

At the end of three days it was time to think of leaving. The return was a little sad for the Children of Mary, as their most cherished hopes were now disappointed. Even those who had been cured could not rejoice over it. They felt almost ashamed at receiving favors of which they believed they were unworthy. Nevertheless they left Lourdes in a spirit of resignation to the will of God. They were ready to correspond to the graces which they had received there, and they made from the depths of their hearts generous resolutions for the future. This is the great miracle of Lourdes, that Mary obtains supernatural resignation and peace for those whose prayers are not answered in accordance with their desires, and this grace, for those who can appreciate it, is far above any temporal benefit, for it increases a hundredfold their eternal reward.

Marguerite realized this thoroughly, and when she left Lourdes her face was bright with joy.

"I have more confidence than ever in the mercy of God," she said to Mademoiselle de la Croix, "I am now firmly convinced that God will save my brother's soul for me and that before very

<sup>1</sup> Mademoiselle de la Croix, the intimate friend of my sister, afterwards told me what the substance of her prayers had been during the time she spent at Lourdes.

long that soul will belong altogether to Him. What can all these physical sufferings, my cough and the hemorrhages do to me now? I go away with the certainty that the vow I made seventeen years ago, beside my father's and my mother's coffin, has been heard. What more can I ask? And what is life to me in comparison?"

The journey back to Saint-Laurent was made amidst perfect calm and serenity, and on Monday, the eighth of May, our travellers returned once more to their homes. They regretted keenly that their prayers had not been granted, but they submitted quietly to the will of God. "The Blessed Virgin wants her Marguerite in heaven," they said; "we are not worthy to keep her."

And now my sister grew much worse, and the physician said that the end was not far off. Mademoiselle de la Croix notified me by telegram, and I returned post-haste to the Hutterie.

My arrival gave Marguerite great joy, and her happiness at seeing me brought about a marked improvement, which lasted for some days. Spring was now well advanced, and as the air was very mild, Marguerite was even able to leave her arm-chair and take a few steps in the garden. Seeing the renewed animation of her glance and the faint tinge of color in her cheeks, I began to hope once more; but the illusion was of short duration. The fever increased, there was a return of the hemorrhages, strength rapidly declined, and my dear Marguerite never again left her bed of suffering.

God permitted this soul to undergo great mental anguish, and strange interior trials were added to her bodily pains in order to purify her and prepare her for eternal bliss. In these hours of agony she sometimes confided her spiritual experiences to the faithful friend who watched by her bedside. "I no longer know the road I am travelling," she said; "I do not know where my Jesus is any more." Then she added: "And Paul, for whom I have shed every drop of blood in my veins and my heart,—I feel now as if he never would be converted, as if he would die in his sins, and all my sufferings go for nothing."

Mademoiselle de la Croix told me afterwards that this thought tortured her horribly, and that one might say that for a week she

underwent a Gethsemane of torment. God willed that she should taste something of the agony of His Son weeping over impenitent sinners.

As the Angel in the Garden consoled our Lord, so her devout friend comforted Marguerite, reminding her of the confidence and spiritual delights she had experienced at Lourdes. The voice of Mary had not vainly sounded in her heart, "Your brother's soul is saved for all eternity."

Our Lord Himself came to fortify His faithful servant. Every morning for two weeks one of the assistant priests at Saint-Laurent, escorted by a number of faithful parishioners, came to bring her Holy Communion, and receiving the Body and Blood of her God she drew thence strength to sustain the fierce combat.

After this period of interior desolation, when our Lord had hidden His Face for a time, He renewed His tender favors toward His well-beloved child, and from that time forward her thirsty soul drew long draughts from the fountain of the living waters.

On the afternoon of May the twenty-seventh, the vigil of Pentecost, about six o'clock, Marguerite somewhat revived after a short sleep. "I would like to look out," she said. We hastened to gratify her wish and pulled her bed close up to the window.

It was a lovely evening. The soft, sweet-scented air enwrapped the fields, which stretched out before us to where on the distant horizon flowed the Loire, its waters red-tinged in the rays of the declining sun. At our feet the Gemme, reflecting the emerald tints of its banks, ran singing beneath the flowering willows, across the meadows where shone, "like stars sown thick," blue hyacinths and white daisies. In the wooded thickets of the garden, blackbird and linnet, bullfinch and nightingale sang in a very ecstasy of joy, mingling their pearly notes with the harmonious murmur of the stream.

Often and often, seated at the window, my sister and I had looked out upon this fair scene. At that moment I admired it still, but my heart sank beneath the pressure of an overwhelming sorrow. I knew that we were together for the last time, and that an awful void was about to come into my life. This sweet sister, whom I loved more than the whole world, this choice spirit and frail graceful body that pitiless death was about to cast into the



grave, my beloved Marguerite, was slipping from me to fall back into eternal nothingness !

I had then no other belief, O my God, and it was blasphemies like these that passed through my mind, even in the presence of a saint about to die !

"How are you now, little sister?" I said after a long silence. "Are you tired of being at the window? Shall we put you back again?"

"Oh, no!" she said, breathing with difficulty, "leave me here a little longer. I love to look out over the country. It makes me think of Paradise."

"O Lord, how beautiful are Thy works," she went on, her gaze wandering over the prairies, "and how Thou hast adorned our habitation of a day! And yet how poor earth seems when we look to Heaven and to our Father's house, where we shall enter in so soon! O Paul, what must it be up there when the figure of this world shall pass away, and we shall enjoy forever the sight of God!" Her anxious gaze scanned my face.

"Yes, of course, sister," I answered mechanically. A tear glided down her cheek.

"Poor child!" she said. "He sees nothing beyond this life. He still does not know Thee, O my God!"

She was still. A few moments after, I saw her lips move silently, her eyes look upward toward the sky and her countenance take on an expression of indescribable peace and happiness. Her gaze rested upon an object invisible to mine, which she met with that ineffable smile which greets the absent one long waited for. Now she seemed to listen in ecstasy to words delightful to her ear, and then to speak in her turn and put her whole soul into one fervent petition.

I called her several times. She did not seem to hear. I passed my hand before her eyes, but her gaze remained fixed and bright, as if illumined by the marvellous vision which ravished her interior senses.

For some time longer the soul, although still held by its earthly bonds, remained in that beatific state, a foretaste of everlasting felicity.

At last she came back to earth, and after a long sigh turned to me with a look of indescribable happiness and affection.

"Good-bye, dear brother," she said, "I leave this world in joy and peace because I have won your soul. Mary has given it to me forever. The hour is very near when you too will say, 'My God, I love Thee above all things.'"

I had fallen on my knees beside her bed. Her pure hand rested on my brow. Suddenly her eyes, closed for an instant, opened once more, her lips pronounced for the last time the Holy Name of Jesus, and then smilingly she departed from this world, just as the evening breeze bore over the countryside the first strokes of the Angelus.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE DEVIL'S POOL (1862).

For a long time I wept beside the mortal remains of my beloved Marguerite. Heavy was my sorrow and inconsolable, for I had no hope of ever seeing again this loved being, whom death had wrested from my affection. My tears were barren and shed in vain, whereas the devout friend of my sister and our good servants, who had the happiness of believing, tempered their grief by means of the thoughts inspired by faith.

At last, oppressed by my sobs, I left the room. I felt the need of solitude and of the open air. Already the sad news was spreading throughout the neighborhood, and many people were making their way toward the Hutterie to pray and weep over the remains. I wanted to avoid the crowd of visitors and the ordeal of receiving their condolences. I told the servants to send everyone away by ten o'clock and to leave the door open for me. They were not to be uneasy in case I should not return until later.

When I had given these directions I walked rapidly away, following the Gemme toward its source. I was in an over-wrought, nervous condition, and felt that I must be in motion. I walked steadily for about an hour, and my nerves were quieted, and my excitement calmed, and being tired I threw myself down on the river bank to rest awhile.

It was about nine o'clock. The night was wonderfully clear, and the stars gleamed throughout the entire expanse of the firmament. In my rapid course I had without noticing it reached the Devil's Pool, that deep place in the river where I had almost

been drowned the evening before my First Holy Communion. This recollection carried me back to the days of my childhood.

Once more I thought I saw my father setting out for Paris at the time of the June riots. Next it was the awful scene which followed so soon after the parting,—my mother stricken down with the news of my father's death. Then I was in Marguerite's arms, and heard her promising to be my "little mother." Marguerite! Ah, she was everywhere in my life! Her dear features with their lovely expression and motherly smile were stamped indelibly upon my heart. She had watched over me from my tenderest years, supplying with never-failing love all my needs of body and of soul. Ah, how dear I cost her! It was for me she broke her heart and that of René de Saint-Julien when she refused him, although they loved each other so dearly. And later on in my boyhood how often I had made her suffer. What tears my conduct had caused her after I went to live in Paris! And then the care lavished upon me day and night during my long illness, when were sown the seeds of that fatal disease which had now brought her to the grave. If I were still in the land of the living, it was because she had saved my life at the expense of her own. I had never seen it all so clearly as I did that night. The thought stirred my heart to its very depths, and the tears sprang to my eyes.

At that moment my eyes fell upon the deep waters which had so nearly been my grave ten years before. It was also, like to-day, the eve of Pentecost. I was returning from Saint-Laurent, where I had just been to Confession preparatory to receiving my First Holy Communion on the morrow. In imagination I reviewed all the details of that scene which was forever graven on my memory,—my fall into the pool before Marguerite's despairing eyes, then all that had been described to me afterwards; the wild gallop to the house; Farfan's marvellous leap over the bars and the Newfoundland tearing to the river and plunging to the bottom of the pool. Then I saw myself stretched out upon the grass and Marguerite bending over me with restoratives, Marguerite smiling and happy, saying in the fulness of her joy, "You are safe now, my dearest. Thank God and never forget His goodness."



God! In those days I had believed in Him. And I called to mind the thoughts that had chased one another through my brain as I sank into the deep water. "I am, I hope, in a state of grace. If I die now I shall be saved." I remembered, too, how Marguerite had told me of her prayer while I was in the water. "My God, if the child would lose his soul, were he to live and grow up, do not let him come out of the water alive, because I know that now he is pleasing to Thee."

That is what I was ten years ago,—and now? What would become of me if death should overtake me at the present moment?

Just then a strong emotion took possession of me. I became conscious of the action of grace upon the soul. It impelled my intellect to adhere unreservedly to the truths of faith, truths which in my youth had appeared luminous, but which were now hidden from my eyes, as it were by a cloud. "You have seen. You can see again, if you will ask God to remove the cloud." And I heard in my heart a voice which cried out to me, "Pray! Your fate for all eternity depends on this instant. If you pray, God will come to you. If you do not, you will be cast off for all eternity."

And as on the day when I knelt before the altar in Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, a violent struggle took place between grace which sought possession of my soul and pride which rose up against it. In Paris two years before, I had deliberately refused Divine assistance, had risen quickly, and by a violent effort downed the salutary emotions which had arisen within me, and Mary had not been able to reclaim me. But to-night there was an angel praying for the sinner, an angel who through her mortal life had suffered in order to procure the extraordinary grace of that moment. My dear Marguerite obtained for me from the Mother of Mercy the strength to correspond to that first inspiration of the Holy Ghost. From the depth of my heart a prayer went up to God. "Mercy, Lord! I wish to believe! Help my weakness. Grant that I may see!" Immediately I felt a growing force which beat down pride by showing me my own nothingness, and I cried out again, "Lord, I am a miserable sinner. Have pity on my weakness. Give me faith." And grace flooding my

soul, gently led my long rebellious will. The dense cloud which had obscured the motives of belief was torn aside, and I saw, as I had seen before the impure vapors of sin had enslaved my heart and clouded my intellect,—I saw how the Church is divine, how the Son of God made man has established it upon immovable foundations, because it is built upon His power and His infinite truth. The miracles of the Gospel, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the testimony of the Apostles, the foundations of the Church, the conversion, humanly speaking impossible, of the pagan world, the luminous trace of that Church throughout the ages, and her weakness triumphant even to-day as yesterday and forever over the most formidable assaults of which the power of man is capable,—all these irrefutable reasons for our faith were focused in one stream of light, whose evidence forced itself upon my mind.

I had acquired in early youth a thorough and sound knowledge of my religion, and my faith had been cultivated with the most watchful care, first by Marguerite and later by the priests of Saint-Irénée who had continued her work. Grace now enlisted in its cause this foundation of solid doctrine in order to make plain to the eyes of reason the motives of Catholic belief. But the sudden and swift conquest of my intellect by the truth and the irresistible attraction of my will toward this truth newly recovered can only be explained by a miracle of grace, which had been obtained for me by the angel who was praying for me in heaven.

God had triumphed. On my knees by the river's bank, in sight of the deep pool from which I had been saved by God's mercy, I said over and over again my *Credo*, and at each article of the Symbol of Faith I cried from the bottom of my heart, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

And now the powers of hell, enraged at sight of their victim snatched away, prepared to make a last terrible onslaught. My soul was pervaded with gloom and pierced with anguish. Anxiety took possession of me, and I was assailed by the horrible temptation of despair.

"You believe? Believe if you will, you will be none the less culpable, for you will never live up to your faith. How will you be able to renounce habits of such long standing, break relations

to which you are knit by the closest ties, and be restrained by the austere rules and confining yoke of religion? Do you think it possible for you to lead a pure life for the time that remains to you? Fool that you are! You are not ignorant of your own weakness. It has already been proved, and in those days your habits were not inveterated as they are now. No, no! You are asked to do that which is impossible to human weakness, and you will be damned in any case,—not perhaps for lack of faith, but for not subjecting the natural inclinations of your heart to the vigorous law of the Gospel. Wretched man! Your heart cannot live without loving, and God commands you to suppress its beating. Enjoy life then. That is true wisdom!"

Then evil voices resounded in my ears, and stirred my soul to the very depths. I was like a vessel in danger of wreck, which during an interval of calm is about to recover its course, when suddenly it is again cast into the very midst of the tempest. And while the song of the sirens awakened sad echoes in my heart, there seemed, in the darkness, to glide before my mental vision the fatal images which had seduced my youth. They passed to and fro before my eyes, mocking my agony, and I heard ever, like the son of Monica, alluring voices murmur softly, "How can you live without us?"

I felt powerless before the assault of these sensuous delights. I wished to return to God, who had but now enlightened my mind, but the phantoms of sin reclaimed me in spite of myself, and strove to drive me far away.

Then another voice I seemed to hear, no longer languishing and seductive like those which had so long held me. This clear pure voice fell gently on my soul as snow falls upon the meadows. It was strong, too, and roused my courage and made me strong with the power of God. "My child, it is not in your own strength that you will find the secret of victory, but in God and in His grace, and this grace will always be granted you if you ask it of Him whose gift it is. It is true that you are weak; but were they not also weak, and had they not the same frail nature as yours, those young men and maidens who have entered into glory after suffering these same trials and walking by this same rough pathway?"



And it seemed to me that Marguerite was there, though I could not see her, and that the words which I had just heard fell from her lips. God sent her to help me in my terrible spiritual struggle, as she had before in this very place saved me from a watery grave.

Hell was conquered. I gained a second victory. After recovering my faith I had also found confidence once more, and though aware of my own impotence I was prepared to face the battle of life with Divine assistance.

O, that marvellous night which I passed there, yielding up my soul to the torrents of grace which inundated it! O, the wonders of that Pentecost, that descent of the Holy Ghost into my heart and upon my whole being! The light from on high now showed me all my sins, inspiring in me so deep a horror for them that my tears flowed in streams. Then by that same light was manifest the infinite mercy of God, the love of Jesus Christ who had died for me upon the Cross, and the tenderness of Mary for poor sinners.

I remained for a long time in prayer, and when at last I arose the dawn of the great feast began to pale the stars.

I set out at once for Saint-Laurent, for I was anxious to set the seal upon my reconciliation and to cast myself, poor prodigal that I was, into the arms of the Father whom I had offended. I had been preparing all night for confession by considering my sins and by sincere acts of contrition.

I reached the house of Abbé Aubry at about five o'clock in the morning, and found that the holy man, faithful to his life-long habits, was already up and at his prayers.

As soon as he saw me he said, putting out his arms, "Ah, my son, you have come to tell me that our dear Marguerite has left us for heaven!"

"Yes, Monsieur le curé," I replied, "she left this world last night at seven o'clock, and already her intercession has obtained the conversion of a sinner. I am that sinner, and I now come to you to be reconciled to God."

"Ah, my child, my dear child!" exclaimed the old man deeply touched. "It has come at last! that for which we have so longed and for which your good sister offered up her tears and bitter sufferings."

I fell on my knees at the priest's feet, and I made my confession with deep contrition to which my tears gave evidence. When I had finished, Abbé Aubry said to me, "You remember what you said to Marguerite on the eve of your First Holy Communion just ten years ago to-day? 'Can one offend God again after he has made his First Communion?' You have answered yourself, my son; but take courage. There is more joy in heaven over the conversion of one sinner than over the perseverance of ninety-and-nine just. Live henceforth for the God whom you were so unfortunate as to betray, and may the memory of your sins be a spur to your love."

I bowed my head, and the minister of Jesus Christ pronounced the formula of absolution.

"Now go," said Abbé Aubrey, "and renew your First Communion on this holy feast of Pentecost, full for you of divine mercies."

I took leave of the old man, and made my way to the church, where I heard Mass, and received the Body and Blood of my Saviour. After my thanksgiving, during which our Lord in His mercy showered divine favors upon me, I returned home. I was in haste to kneel in the presence of my sister's body to do her homage for her conquest, and moreover I wanted to commence at once to make reparation for the scandal I had given, by signifying my repentance to all who might be present.

When I reached the Hutterie I found the room filled with people praying devoutly. The Children of Mary of Saint-Laurent had clothed Marguerite in white and put on her head the wreath she had worn for her First Holy Communion. She seemed as though asleep in perfect peace and serenity. Upon her lips still lingered her last smile. Prematurely aged by trials and the long sufferings of her illness, she had recovered after death the fresh, fair looks of her youth.

I fell upon my knees and in a loud voice, which could be heard by everyone there, poured forth from my aching heart that profession of sorrow and love which Marguerite, just before her death, had said I would soon pronounce: "*O my God, I love Thee above all things!*"

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

# American Ecclesiastical History.

## THE WORK OF MOTHER VERONICA.

Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

“I HAD supposed,” writes Montalembert at the close of his most brilliant historical study, “my task at an end; but I hear the sound of a choir of sweet and pure voices which seem to reproach me for having left in darkness one side of the great edifice I have undertaken to reconstruct in thought. These voices have no plaintive sound, but they are full of a soft and overpowering harmony which has never been sufficiently celebrated before men. The souls whose sentiments they utter do not complain of being forgotten; it is their chosen condition, it is their desire.” From the days when first the Church of Christ assumed her gentle rule over the hearts of God’s children it became her beautiful task to draw into her train following the Spouse the fairest souls; and thus there came forth from the humble home of peasant and the palace of the king, from all countries and conditions, a chaste and radiant generation of virgin-daughters who standing,

Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

felt the impulse to turn away from the dazzling delights of life to breathe the purer air, and look only upon the fairer glories of heaven. And as the historian takes us back in spirit to the times and customs of the religious communities which he is describing, and pictures in his exquisitely tender way the saintly grandeur of the lives of these devoted women, the holy sight arouses in our minds and hearts a keen appreciation of their extraordinary courage and energy, an intense admiration for them in their lofty efforts and noble sacrifices, and a deep, abiding reverence for the exalted position they occupy in the history of the Christian world. “They are the flower of the human race,” he tells us, “a flower





REV. MOTHER MARY VERONICA,  
Foundress of the Institute of the Divine Compassion.



still sweet with the morning dew, which has reflected nothing but the rays of the rising sun, and which no earthly dust has tarnished,—an exquisite blossom which, scented from afar, fascinates with its pure fragrance even the most vulgar souls. They are the flower, but they present to us also the fruit, the purest sap, the most generous blood of the stock of Adam; for daily these heroines win the most wonderful of victories by the manliest efforts which can raise a human creature above and beyond all earthly instincts and mortal ties."

It might appear at first sight that the *Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion*, with scarce a score of years' existence, could hardly hope to enjoy the fulness of the halo of heavenly light that surrounds the glorious bodies of religious women who have graced the Church from the days of the Apostles; but there are, in its founding, and about those who were instrumental in the fostering of its first growth, too many unmistakable signs of Divine favor to allow us on account merely of its youth to underrate the work done by this zealous Community. The establishment of the *Sisterhood* was, like so many other religious societies that eventually assumed the canonical form of religious communities, the result of patient working on the part of a little band of single-hearted women in the world. These set out under the leadership of Mrs. Mary C. D. Starr—whom we afterwards meet in religion as Mother Veronica—to practise for the love of God and their own sanctification a work of mercy and benevolence which subsequently proved to be one of the most self-sacrificing kind. The ultimate form which this work assumed in course of time was due to the initiative which a zealous and holy priest took in furthering it, and it is gratifying to know that the general approbation which the Institute elicited from all sides in its very beginning, together with the eagerness and enthusiasm of those who were to be the first members of the new religious community, whose every undertaking was abundantly blessed from the outset, amply recompensed Father Preston for the days and nights spent in prayer for light and guidance, and made him realize some of the fruits of the labor he had undergone in fashioning out of the humble beginning at St. Bernard's Church a permanent organization, which is to-day counted among the most efficient religious charities of New



York City. The growth and development of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion is so interwoven with the last twenty-five years of Monsignor Preston's pastoral activity that we need hardly apologize to the reader if we digress for a moment to recall here some of the many interesting events of his life.

#### FATHER PRESTON.

Thomas Scott Preston was born at Hartford, Conn., in July of 1824. Like his father, Zephaniah Preston, a man of high moral and social standing among his friends and neighbors, Father Preston was reared in the Episcopal Church. As a boy in the heart of Protestant New England, and as a student at Trinity College, Hartford, he felt himself drawn to the service of God and resolved to lead a life of celibacy, in order to devote himself entirely to the work for which he felt himself called by God. He graduated at Hartford in 1843, at the age of nineteen, and three years later entered the Episcopal ministry. During his student-life at the Episcopal Seminary he was the leader of the High Church party, and was daily approaching unconsciously nearer and nearer to the True Church. Ordained in 1846, he became an assistant curate to the Rev. Dr. Seabury, whose grandfather had been the first Episcopal Bishop in the United States. Subsequently he was stationed at old St. Luke's Church on Hudson Street, New York City. During this period he became gradually convinced of the validity of the claims of the Catholic position; and it was not long before he resigned his charge and asked to be received into the one true fold of the Apostolic Church. This was in 1849, and, like John Henry Newman who had found the heavenly light of restful faith some four years before this time, he recognized as the direct influence of his conversion only the working of Divine grace in his own heart. In a brief record of these days, which was written shortly before his death, and which breathes the spirit of the *Apologia*, he says:—

“I was very young. Many whom I revered pointed in another direction; but they could not alter my convictions. If I gained a step one day, I did not waver and change my ground on the next day. But they had the power to make me wait and watch at the door when the goal of my life was in sight. They bade me beware

of the impetuosity of youth and charged me to weigh well the arguments of those who had studied long the points of controversy. I may say that I examined those arguments well. I remained in the Protestant Episcopal Church. I passed through the course of its principal Seminary. I entered the ministry and for three years waited in patience and prayer. I read many Catholic books, but I read more Protestant books. I tried to open my intellect and heart to God's light; but much as I wished to do so, I never entered a Catholic church nor sought the counsel of a Catholic priest until the happy day when, upon my knees, I begged admission to what I knew to be the one fold of Christ. All human influence around me would have kept me where all my worldly ties were, but I felt that the voice of my conscience was more to me than any earthly attraction. If there was one Church founded by my Lord I must seek and find it. And so I sought that haven of rest and placed my feet upon the rock of Peter. There were some worldly sacrifices, but although they sobered my face a little they did not drive the sunshine from my heart. At last I was in my Father's house; and never from that moment have I had one doubt about the truth of the Catholic Religion."

After his reception into the Church, in November, 1849, he spent the whole of the following year at St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, N. Y., in preparation for the priesthood, and in the autumn of the next year he received sacred orders at the hands of the Right Rev. John McCloskey, then Bishop of Albany. Father Preston's first mission was that of curate at the old Cathedral in Mott Street. Shortly afterwards he was sent to Yonkers, but in 1853 Archbishop Hughes recalled him to New York to take the position of Chancellor of the Archdiocese. This office he discharged with great credit and efficiency until 1862, when he assumed pastoral charge of St. Ann's Church in Eighth Street.

Meanwhile, the grace of God was manifesting itself elsewhere in the conversion of the woman who was destined to become the actual foundress and first Superior of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

#### MOTHER MARY VERONICA.

Mary Caroline Dannat, daughter of William Henry Dannat and Susanna Jones, was born in the City of New York on April

27, 1838. She was the oldest of six children. There do not appear to have been any particular religious influences at work in the home of her earlier childhood; for in a diary of later years, in which she records impersonally some facts and impressions of her life, she speaks of the death of a younger brother, when she herself was about eleven years old, in the following terms: "In 1849 her parents received a great blow in the loss of a little son, born three years before. They sought consolation in religion, and began to attend the Baptist church in Oliver Street." Mary Caroline went of course with them, and she seemed to have received much comfort from the practice, which developed a natural devotion and inclination toward what was virtuous and religious. She tells us how keenly she felt the loss of her little brother, which came upon her as her first great sorrow, and this feeling no doubt contributed much to emphasize the views which caused her to see things in the supernatural light of a future life where she would again meet the cherished child.

In the spring of the same year the parents set out for Europe. It was arranged that Mr. David Jones, a brother of Mrs. Dannat, together with his wife, should occupy the Dannat residence during the absence of the family abroad. Mary Caroline was to stay with her uncle and aunt, as she was still at school and they were seemingly much attached to the child. It appears, however, that subsequently she was left a good deal to herself, and thus found opportunity to indulge those inclinations toward piety awakened by the death of her child brother. These were fostered, moreover, by occasional revivals and missions in the neighboring church of the Baptist community, and caused her to enlist for the time as an ardent convert to the teachings of that sect. The sincerity of the motives could not be otherwise than pleasing to God, and she became conscious, as she tells us, of a certain satisfaction and sweetness in the reflection that she was serving Him. This feeling urged her in turn to more assiduous prayer and awakened the sense of gratitude which developed in her soul a keen relish of the love of our Lord and a desire to promote His glory by all means in her power.

It must not be supposed, however, that the young girl, in consequence of these no doubt somewhat emotional experiences, took

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VIEW OF CHAPEL AND GROUNDS FROM FRONT GATE.

on that sensitive and melancholy air which might induce a withdrawal from the joys of domestic or social life. Her whole subsequent life bears witness to a sweet and genial disposition without any trace of that unhealthy shyness which is the usual result of pious self-concentration. Those who knew her only as she conversed in the circle of her religious, might still without difficulty imagine the bright figure of the young girl with her quick, self-possessed step and decided movements, looking merry sympathy out of those dark eyes which had in them that something of the flash and penetration commonly to be noticed in heroic natures. She was ever keenly attentive to all that might interest a soul eager to benefit those around her ; and the gleam of cheerful kindness which so markedly attracted the young people who came within her circle during the periods of her cloistral activity later on, must have spontaneously drawn to her the affection of kindred souls in her early maidenhood, and influenced them toward efforts of unselfish devotion.

She was happy in the conscious realization that religion and its chief ministry, charity, is a refining element that brings its immediate satisfaction to the soul in a peace such as the world cannot give. There was to be indeed a reaction, as we shall directly see, but if God's ways are mysterious, they are ways which we may go unharmed under His leading.

In the midsummer of 1857, at the age of nineteen, she was married to a Mr. Walter S. Starr. Although the duties involved in the care of a home and the social obligations toward the friends of their common circle which her new position entailed, could not have altered her religious convictions, she somehow experienced a change of sentiment which for a long time she was unable to explain to herself. She had moved with her husband to Brooklyn ; and, anxious to keep up the stimulus of piety which her connection with the Baptist church had furnished in the past, she applied to the Pilgrim church, which was convenient to her new home, for admission as a regular member. This church belonged to the Congregational sect, but the difference did not much appeal to her, especially since the essential freedom of private interpretation of the Bible as a doctrinal foundation was common to both churches. Of the effect of this change she

writes in her journal, again as though she were speaking of some third person, as follows:—

“Strange to say, the effect of this act of becoming a church member was the reverse of what might have been expected. The religious fervor which had gone with her all these years suddenly died out. She ceased to go to church, and though infrequency of church attendance is common enough among Protestants, those who are church members have lapsed far away when they cease to present themselves on Communion Sunday. She went once, perhaps twice, to what they call ‘communion.’”

She herself furnishes unconsciously the key to the explanation of this apparent indifference to an act which on former occasions she had looked upon as an important event and one fraught with the most serious consequences to the individual Christian. Hitherto she had confined her observations of religious influence to the effects which the teaching of the Gospel produced within her own soul. She had gone to church and had there learned the precepts which Christ had taught His followers. These she applied to her own conduct, and if she found it wanting in its correspondence to the high standard of morality inculcated by the Redeemer, it humiliated her without arousing any suspicion that anyone but herself could be at fault. But now she was being brought into daily and social contact with people who had listened to these same precepts on Sunday, and demurely set their manners and faces to the sombre fashion of the hour whilst sitting in the pew beneath the rhythmic intonations of the ministerial precentor, and then these same pious listeners would go and set up for the other six days of the week another standard by which they might discredit the teaching of the Gospel, not as the result of impulse or weakness, but of set purpose, a rigorous law of fashion to violate which was equivalent to ostracizing oneself from the social life and forfeiting the right to be invited to the entertainments which a charitable hospitality has invented to cement the bonds of good fellowship.

Mrs. Starr knew her Bible by heart; and certain texts began to fix themselves in her mind. The words “Blessed are the poor in spirit” would, for instance, keep repeating themselves to her at



some evening assembly where she would meet the learned, polished gentleman who preached eloquent discourses, with just a tinge of artificial make-up, taking for his text some passage from the Sermon on the Mount. Yet this man, whatever he might be at heart, did not seem to assimilate the doctrine, and its influence upon his wife, whose toilets were the envy of her less dowered neighbors, appeared wholly lost. And when she in some guileless way proposed the query why its doctrine, if deemed true, was not put forth in a more emphatic and straightforward way, so as to produce its due effect, instead of being hidden and smothered down to a mere suggestion by the paraphernalia and hollow phrases of modern culture, she learned that "this would never do," and that it was quite a question of propriety if in these days a respectable minister might preach at all on the subject of the "Sermon on the Mount," because such preaching has a tendency to make the poor arrogant and the proletariat conceited and to foster socialism of the worst kind. Still she went on pondering such things. "Everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or land, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold in this world, and life everlasting!" Why, who in all that rich, prosperous congregation had forsaken anything or was disposed to make any real sacrifice of comfort or enjoyment for our Lord's sake? It was a serious puzzle to a soul at once consistent and full of charity for her fellows.

Meantime she appears to have been largely influenced by the attitude of her father, whose growing religious tendencies had led him to a somewhat more independent examination of religious claims. He had undertaken a series of speculative studies on the subject, and finally settled upon the Swedenborgian exposition of Christianity as the one which most satisfied the demands of the human heart. Herein his daughter had followed him. She trusted his keen insight into religious as well as practical matters, and had an abiding admiration for his judgment, which she believed equal only to his honesty of purpose. In his case it could not but come to pass that the mind of the practical man should dissipate in time the emotions which the doctrine of the New Jerusalem calls forth and plays upon; and accordingly he drifted into a



rationalistic view of Christianity. This process naturally communicated itself and was shared by his daughter, who read the books which her father read, and who felt the doubts which his intellect taught him to formulate regarding a religion that builds upon feeling rather than upon the credibility of motives. In the course of the year 1866 a volume fell into her hands which was then attracting some attention on the part of the general reading public. It was the story of the Schoenberg Cotta Family, as its title indicated, and in defending the course of Luther's and Catharine von Bora's secession it wantonly attacked the Catholic faith, much of which was explained in detail, rather for the purpose of casting ridicule upon the practices of the Church. To an inquisitive nature and one disposed to be just, such reading frequently presents food for reflection, and thus produces the very contrary effect from that which is ordinarily expected or intended by the writer. She tells us that the poison of misrepresentation contained in this book did her no harm whatever, although she had known nothing previously about the Catholic Church, and did not for some time afterwards pursue her inquiry regarding the truth of the aspersions retailed in the book. Something, however, told her that the old Church must have claims which even the abuses of them suggested, and that the deductions which religious animosity prompted were not always just or logical. With these impressions strongly upon her she must have found some occasion to act upon them, for we find her one day, during that same year, in serious conversation with her father on the subject of which a record is preserved in her notes.

"Ah well," I said, "we stand on shifting grounds. I cannot live in this way. We must have something to rest upon. In reading history I see no institution that has withstood the shock of time and change but the Catholic Church. I think I will go there."

And to a Catholic church she went that same afternoon. The subsequent events of her life to the time of her actual reception into the Church are comparatively unimportant. Suffice it to say that after this she frequented no other church, but continued to attend the Catholic service regularly. Step by step she informed herself of the doctrine here taught until she gained the assurance

of its reasonableness and sincerity. Then she applied to the priest for direction in order that she might be received into the fold.

It was at the hands of Father Preston, then parish priest of St. Ann's Church on the East side of New York, that she received her first instructions preparatory to being formally admitted into the Church. On April 11, 1868, she was baptized, and shortly after made her First Communion. Never had she been more happy than after she had taken this step, and the peace which she experienced was to last. Father Preston remained her spiritual guide, and under his prudent and prayerful direction she quickly developed that marvellous capacity for devising ingenious methods of charity which was henceforth to absorb her entire activity, and which was to associate with her in the same work kindred souls to whom she became at once a model of striving after religious perfection, and a leader in every kind of beneficent action undertaken for the love of Christ.

#### THE BEGINNINGS.

To no one could the ardent desire which the gifted convert manifested toward aiding the struggling poor of the city be more welcome than to the devoted priest who had aided her in finding true peace of soul. He had for years been familiar with the want and wretchedness of the people who inhabited his own district, and whose misery, temporal as well as spiritual, he had sought to relieve in the daily visitations of his ministry. But he also knew that there were conditions much worse in other parts of the city where such help as was now offered him could be employed to the best advantage. One such district was that of St. Bernard's, in the west portion of the city, in the neighborhood of which Mrs. Starr had lived before her reception into the Church. Accordingly he directed her attention to this quarter, and pointed out that poverty and depravity were going hand in hand, and that the remedy for the one must be applied in such wise as to reach the other. With that womanly instinct which at once turns the heart toward sheltering the young, Mrs. Starr suggested that they open a sewing school, where the children, being brought together for the purpose of inculcating in them habits of useful thrift, might at the same time be instructed in the truths of

religion. This would likewise open a way to learn more of the actual conditions, and to ascertain the further needs of those who were suffering not less from the mingled influences of evil habits and vicious agencies than from positive helplessness and ignorance how to better their condition, even if the opportunity offered itself to them to do so. The children in the sewing school would not only be helped and be bettered themselves, but they would furnish to those who could observe the key to new measures for a betterment of their surroundings by pointing out the sources of evil in the district. Mrs. Starr had already gained some experience in similar work by having offered her services to the mistress of a sewing school in the parish of St. Paul, where she became familiar with the ways of Catholic children and the catechetical methods of the parochial teachers.

The good pastor of St. Bernard's, who up to the present had been struggling practically single-handed to meet the difficulties that confronted him in the attempt at moral and social reformation of the people in his district, approved of the plan and placed the second story of the building which had been used for a church at the disposal of Mrs. Starr for the new undertaking. She at once enlisted the coöperation of a number of ladies as earnest and fervent as herself, and in the autumn of that same year, 1868, the school was opened. About forty children came to them during the first two weeks, and with these they organized the work of reform on a permanent basis. It is needless to say that they encountered that passive indifference and ingratitude in their charitable efforts which are so trying to zealous souls, but also much unsuspected depravity. Despite the almost hopeless outlook for the replanting of virtue in the hearts of the children, the courage and perseverance of the good women never faltered; and once begun they faced every obstacle as it arose, until the little school had increased to two hundred and fifty regular members, by Christmas time. In the first report of the *Association for Befriending Children*, which grew out of this modest beginning, we are told that they met at ten o'clock in the morning, when the school was opened with a few simple prayers. After this the work previously cut and prepared was distributed and made into garments, under the supervision of the ladies. Prayers, catechism, and hymns were taught



them while the fingers were kept busy, and at twelve o'clock a substantial dinner was made ready in an upper room. A short recreation followed, and the day's work was again resumed until five o'clock in the evening, when the school was dismissed.

“ Before many months had passed [Mrs. Starr writes] it was evident that this work would not rest here. Won by the care and affection shown to them, the children would tell their sad story of want and misery and sin. Older girls, long ago lost to grace, would meet us at the door of the sewing-school and implore us to help them also. But how was this to be done? They were still too ignorant and too weak in virtue to be recommended for employment, and when, indeed, we attempted to place them in institutions, we found that in some they would not be received lest they should exert a contaminating influence; whilst in others the necessary formality of a committal repelled the applicant herself and chilled her good resolutions.”

Thus, the expressed unwillingness of the older girls to enter institutions already in existence, which might have received them under somewhat humiliating conditions, suggested the idea of founding a home in this neighborhood, where these abject and forsaken children of the street might find a welcome, and where the girl who was, although a child in years, old in the knowledge of evil, might hide her sorrow and shame, and be taught to lead a life of virtue and godliness.

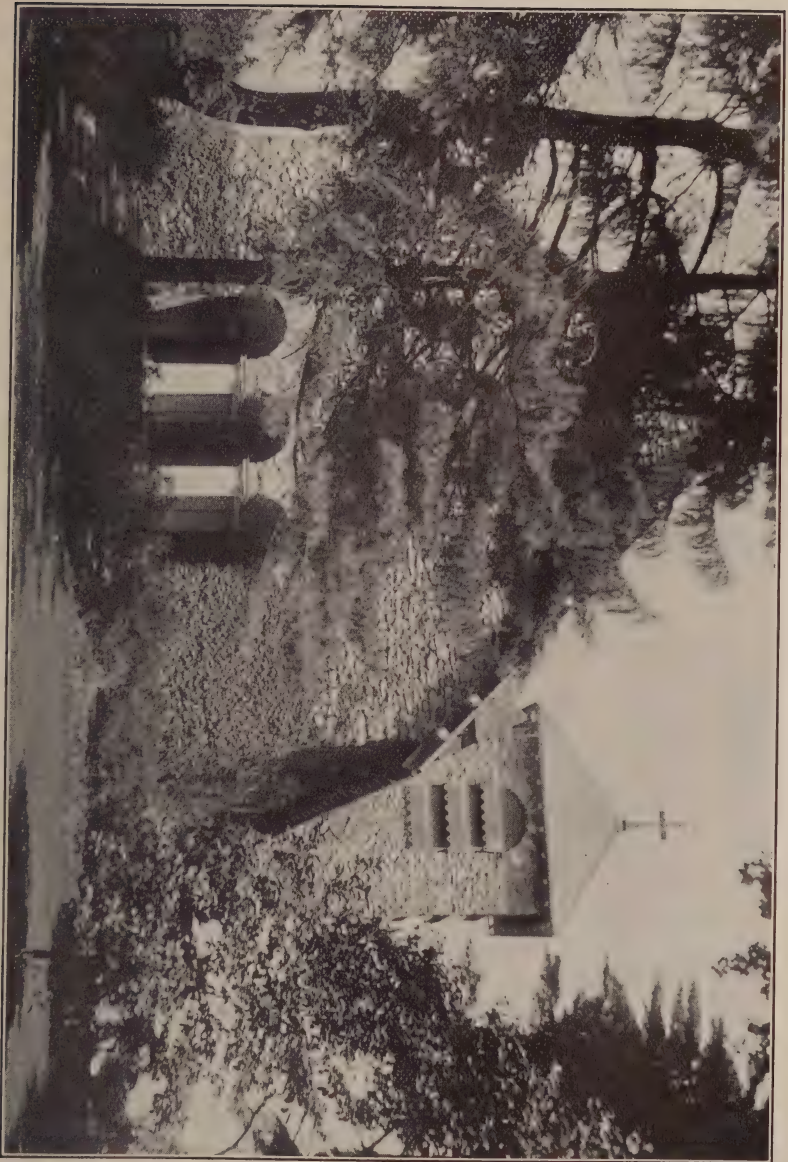
Father Preston prepared a written prospectus of the project which received the approbation of the Archbishop of New York, and, assisted by the generosity of many persons who became interested in the work, a fund was collected which enabled Mrs. Starr, as President of the Association, to open, in March of 1870, the *House of the Holy Family* at No. 316 West Fourteenth Street. We may readily judge of its success by the fact that every one of the forty-five beds provided in the new home was filled the first night, and many of the girls who had hoped to find a place of refuge there could not be received. A systematic course of religious, economic, and industrial education was instituted in the House, under the influence of which these wild and wilful children of the streets, touched by the kindness and sympathetic care



of the pious women devoted to the work of training their hearts and minds, so as to make them healthy and virtuous girls and women, were gradually rendered docile and tractable.

The reformation of the children confided to their care at Holy Family was now fairly begun. Money came in as it was needed, and friends, also, with generous hands and sympathetic hearts. The faith and confidence of these friends in a work yet untried were not the least of the gracious gifts brought to the Association when it was laboring under many disadvantages and difficulties inevitably connected with such an undertaking. Often, we are told by the devoted foundress, the ladies were heavy-hearted and ready to give way to the discouragements that beset them; it was at such times that the aid of these loyal friends came to the rescue and enabled the Association to withstand the trial and struggle. Each day added experiences and insight which gave some new aspect to the work, and when a year had passed by, Mrs. Starr was convinced that the "House of the Holy Family," in order to attain its object more fully, would have to be located in a more central position where the work of the Association could be carried out with more direct efficiency. Accordingly, in May, 1871, the House of the Holy Family was transferred to number 247 East Thirteenth Street. This part of the city was in St. Ann's Parish, and thus offered the additional advantage of having the institution placed under the immediate eye and pastoral jurisdiction of Father Preston. Thus increased facilities were opened in every direction for entering upon a part of the work which had been hitherto untouched for lack of space,—the reclaiming of young women who were leading lives of sin. The name of the society was also changed, to answer more definitely the purpose of its agency. Henceforth it was known as the *Association for Befriending Destitute Children and Young Girls*.

"It has always been the purpose of the Association [we read in one of Mrs. Starr's letters] to give a large share of its attention and care to that class upon whom Society most readily turns its back. From the beginning it had confined itself to the care of depraved and vagrant children, but many of the children were women in the knowledge of evil, and when the girl of fourteen had fallen as low as



FRONT OF CHAPEL OF THE DIVINE COMPASSION, GOOD COUNSEL.



the girl of twenty, it seemed unreasonable to draw the line which marked the efforts at reclaiming them by a fixed limit of age. Among the children are many who have sought protection from brutal parents ; likewise children who, from earliest years, have been taught to steal and to lie as a trade ; children who were fed with liquor from their birth and whose first words were those of blasphemy which they learnt from their parents. The work of the Association stands therefore clearly defined. Its purpose is the reformation of young girls confirmed in immorality. The means by which this end is attained are, on our part :—

1. Shielding from notoriety and publicity.
2. Careful religious instruction.
3. Thorough industrial training.

On the part of the subject :

1. A degree of willingness to enter.
2. To remain at least six months, preferably two years.

As to shielding from publicity, it is not necessary nor desirable that the subject be committed by a magistrate. She may ring the bell and enter. The peculiar circumstances of each history need to become known to but one person and even to her only in outline. The subject is cautioned to be equally reserved with others, and this secrecy as to why one is there is an essential safeguard and the prevailing spirit of the House. As to moral training, the preparation for and regular reception of the Sacraments is of course the foundation and strength *in via* of all we attempt to do. As to industrial training, the best methods of doing every kind of housework with neatness, order, and regularity are taught, and this is not the easiest of tasks. The main work is to render the children skilful in the best paid industries, those the most advantageous in self-support."

The report from which this extract is taken, and which defines the scope of the Association's work in such well-defined language, in regard to the second part of the means mentioned above says :—

"As to willingness to enter, it is manifest that for any radical and enduring change the subject must not only desire it, but she must also coöperate in her restoration. Her good purposes may not at all times be strong and persistent, and it may sometimes be necessary to protect her against her own impulses ; but our work is to reform and direct the will and to train the mind until it is convinced, and volun-



tarily chooses good rather than evil. It is a slow process, but it will succeed in proportion to the length of probation and the capacity of the individual. Therefore we ask two years in each case in which to carry out our methods. This time is not so much needed for moral reform—for in our voluntary system, the poor girl is soon ready to repent—but the mental training that, with the aid of Divine grace, is essential to her perseverance, and the industrial training, equally essential, are not acquired in a day. Two years at least are needed, were it only to teach the girls how to support themselves honorably. The time, therefore, spent in the House is not regarded as a forced imprisonment, but a time of preparation for a life under new and better conditions."

In such language, simple and vigorous, does our foundress set forth the work to be done by the Association, and the spirit of sincerity as well as common-sense charity which these words breathe is an indication of the supernatural motives which governed the efforts of this worthy woman, and raised her work, with its trials and struggles, above the ordinary plane on which modern philanthropy rests its benefactions with its glamor and love of a name and of show. A noble and blessed work, it has been called, a work humble in its beginning but marked by the Divine blessing in its course, and truly admirable in its results. These heaven-inspired efforts, with the innumerable daily sacrifices on the part of those who had pledged their lives to meet needs that could not for the time being otherwise be met, extended their consoling influence throughout the city.

The adjoining house was rented in 1872 in order to meet the growing demands upon the charity of the Association, and here the Society maintained its labor of reforming and educating the children. In 1874 an opportunity offered itself for the purchase of a property at 136 Second Avenue which promised excellent accommodations for the Institute. The house was purchased for thirty-four thousand dollars, and the two buildings on Fourteenth Street, which had become inadequate for the work, were sold. In May of the same year, the Association moved into the new and permanent *House of the Holy Family*. The house, when bought, was three stories high; two stories were afterwards added, an extension was made to the first floor, and laundries were built, be-

sides other necessary repairs made at a total cost of eleven thousand dollars. It was a large, commodious house when completed, with cheerful, well-ventilated rooms, equipped with every modern appliance for health, comfort, and convenience, and with suitable accommodations for one-hundred inmates. The lowest, or basement floor, is occupied by the kitchen, dining-rooms, storerooms and bathrooms. On the first floor are the Chapel and the reception rooms. The second floor is given to the sewing-rooms and wardrobes. Dormitories, infirmary, class-rooms, and recreation-rooms are on the third, fourth, and fifth floors. A few years later, the house adjoining, No. 134 Second Avenue, was bought; here the first floor is used for the parlors and offices of the Association, while the upper floors communicate with the House of the Holy Family and are used in the same manner as mentioned above. The house on the opposite side, No. 132, was purchased at a later date to become, as we shall see, the first Convent of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

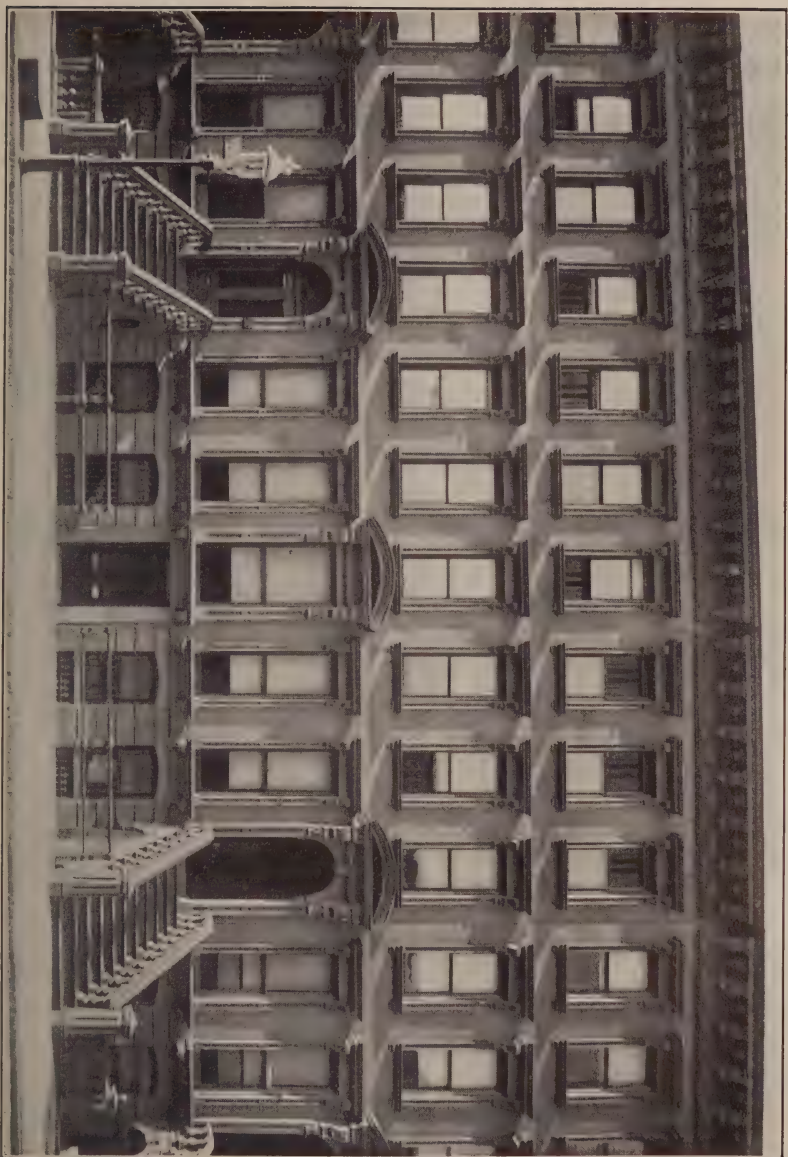
It is interesting to read the reports for the next four or five years of the work of the Association and all the auxiliary societies which grew up around it, such as branch sewing-schools, relief-associations for the hospitals and prisons of the city, sodalities, and confraternities, at a time when the country was recovering from the awful panic of 1873. It was a source of great rejoicing to the members of the Association, when, in 1877, they were able to report that during these years of almost unprecedented financial embarrassment throughout the country, they had not only succeeded in supporting the growing institution and providing all its current expenses, but had also paid the large debt of over fifty thousand dollars which had been contracted in the purchase and renovation of their new home. One noteworthy assistance came from a bill passed by the New York Legislature, granting a small *per capita* allowance to all who were kept at the Holy Family.

#### DEVELOPMENT OF THE RELIGIOUS SISTERHOOD.

From the time when the Association was first established, Father Preston, whom the Holy See honored subsequently by the title of Domestic Prelate, became conscious that in course of time

it would be necessary to appeal to some Religious Community trained and prepared for such work to take up its burden. The devoted women who were giving time and means to it at present, would eventually be called to their reward, and then the accumulated responsibility might devolve upon the uncertain good will of those who remained, without any guarantee that the undertaking could be carried on uninterruptedly. Some of the many existing Religious Communities might of course have been asked to take charge of the institution, but, apart from the necessity of a special adaptation to make fixed religious rules and customs suit the actual circumstances which called upon the women to go out and seek the lost sheep as well as shelter them, there were those actually engaged in, and heart and soul devoted to the work for which they had developed a singular capacity. Was no account to be taken of them, their ability, their willingness to carry on the good work, and their exceptional experience in what was best? They had seen the struggling growth, and had taken part in the humble beginning; and because they had spent so much energy to make the work lasting, the fatigue and the labor and the harassing trial had become dear to them, even as the sufferings of a mother for the welfare of her child are dear to her. It was quite natural then to assume that they were reluctant to leave the work in the hands of others, less devotedly attached to it and its brief but valuable traditions. Mrs. Starr, whose husband had died, and who had from that time on entirely consecrated her widowhood to this work of charity, found many earnest and pious young women who wished to devote themselves to the object of her society. They had caught her own spirit, and promised to be faithful to it. Thus step by step Father Preston, who had so far directed the destinies of the Association, felt himself prompted to suggest and inaugurate the foundation of a Religious Sisterhood, which, strengthened by the graces of a common bond of fidelity to the Divine counsels, and blessed with the zeal that had marked all the previous years of the work, might perpetuate the name and purpose of the Institute. Might not the faithful workers of the Association enter upon such a course, and thus seal the labors in behalf of their neighbor by the vows to strive after personal sanctification? Monsignor Preston was a man





THE CATHOLIC GIRLS' CLUB AND CONVENT, 52-54 EAST ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK.





whose most characteristic trait was probably the deliberateness and caution with which he acted in all new undertakings of importance. His quality of cautious initiative was associated with a keen legislative wisdom, as is testified by all the public acts for which in his capacity of Chancellor and Vicar General of the Archdiocese he became responsible. It was therefore to be expected that in establishing a religious society, such as suggested itself to him, he would proceed with great caution and very slowly. To Mrs. Starr the inspiration of such a step was most natural and would have called for little alteration or resolution in her own life, which was already to all intents that of a devoted active religious. To her, therefore, the direction of Mgr. Preston was simply the voice of God which she eagerly longed to obey. They sought further counsel from the ecclesiastical head of the diocese. "The advice and approbation of the Archbishop," writes Mgr. Preston, "encouraged and blessed our purpose. He sympathized with our work and saw in the establishment of the proposed Religious Community not only the completion of our desires, but also the source and direction of zeal for the salvation of souls and greater usefulness in our labors."

*(To be continued.)*

# Student's Library Table.

## RECENT SCIENCE.

**Encke's Comet.**—One of the most interesting of the heavenly bodies is the visitor in our heavens during December and January. Encke's Comet was discovered in 1786 and has now been seen thirty-six times. Its period is about three and one-third years. One of the most noteworthy features of its periodicity, however, is the fact that it is being retarded in its course by the friction, as it were, of its passage through space, and is consequently a little too early each time in coming to perihelion,—that is, the nearest point in its course to the sun. It might seem as though a body revolving around the sun, if retarded by friction, would come back a little bit later each time, but a comet, if resisted by the ether, falls a little inward toward the sun at each revolution and in consequence has its velocity in its orbit increased, so that the next time it gets back somewhat before the time that it did before.

In the latter half of November and the beginning of December, Encke's Comet was as near to us as it ever gets, about 35,000,000 miles. This is not so far away, when we recall that this is also the distance of Mars when that planet is nearest to us. Encke's Comet is not, however, a showy visitor in the heavens. While it is equal to a star of the third or fourth magnitude, it has not a brilliant tail manifestation. It has often been noted that the comets that go regularly around the sun lose their tails more and more. The first time a comet is seen in our heavens, it is apt to have a very brilliant caudal appendage,—though it must not be forgotten that this is a misnomer, and that the tail is really in front of the comet in its course, or at least points toward the sun. After they have assumed a regular orbit in the solar system, however, comets lose their brilliancy.

Early in December Encke's Comet was not far from the bright star Altair of the Constellation of the Eagle, which those at all familiar with the heavens will remember as situate on an island

in the Milky Way in the northern heavens just south of the Constellation Lyra. It is not likely to attract popular attention, although when it first became a regular visitor its appearance was such as to cause the usual prophecies of ill which comets were supposed to forebode. The present state of affairs with regard to Encke's Comet, and its premature appearance at each successive visit, makes it likely that it is gradually being drawn inward toward the sun and that a time will come when solar attraction will overcome the headlong energy of its career through space and then it will be drawn completely into that luminary. This is not likely to happen for several hundreds of years yet at least, so that there may be many further opportunities to see our this year's visitor. The fact, however, that it is apparently hurrying to inevitable destruction adds to the interest of its appearance and will tempt many people to try and get a look at it. Observations are being made on it with more exactness in recent years; and certain anomalies in its course—for it has not always been absolutely regular in its retardation—may give rise to another hypothesis with regard to its irregular time schedule that will lead us not to look for its disappearance quite as soon as it might otherwise be anticipated.

International Congress of Arts and Sciences.—One of the most interesting scientific events of the present year was the Congress of Arts and Sciences held at the St. Louis World's Fair in the week from the 19th to the 25th of September. There gathered at the Congress many representative scientists from all over the world. It was really a very brilliant assemblage. As Mr. Bryce, M.P., who was one of the British representatives, said, "Every meeting like this makes for international good will, and every step like this is not only a step toward the advancement of knowledge, it is also a step toward the advancement of peace." Not the least noteworthy feature of the Congress in this respect was the fact that distinguished Russian scientists coöperated with equally distinguished scientists from Japan in several sections of the Congress. The *Popular Science Monthly* for November, 1904, commenting on this fact, says that Professor Nobushize Hozumi, of Tokio, spoke with winning felicity and consummate tact of the pleasure which his countrymen had in coöperating with a dis-



tinguished Russian scholar in the Congress, and added that this was the only place in which Japan could meet on equal terms that country with which it is at war in another part of the world.

Some of the addresses made contained expressions that serve to show better than do formal treatises on science or even regular lectures at universities the present attitude of scientific minds toward doubtful problems in science itself and in the borderland of philosophy. Some quotations will demonstrate this.

**Science and Utility.**—The president of the Congress of Arts and Science in his address on the evolution of the scientific investigator, laid particular stress on the immeasurable difference between the great inventor and the great investigator. Without the investigator, the inventor would have very little opportunity to display his genius. Few men probably have had opportunities to realize this better than Professor Simon Newcomb, who so worthily occupied the presidential position. Very few great investigators have been great inventors. He said that "it must not be forgotten that the first place is that of the great investigators whose forceful intellects opened the way to secrets previously hidden from men. It is an honor and not a reproach to these men that they were not actuated by the love of gain and did not keep utilitarian ends in view in the pursuit of their researches. If it seems neglecting such ends that they were leaving undone the most important part of their work, let us remember that nature turns a forbidding face to those who pay her court with the hope of gain and is responsive only to those suitors whose love for her is pure and undefiled. Not only is the special genius required in the investigator, not that generally best adapted to applying the discoveries which he makes, but the result of his having sordid ends in view would be to narrow the fields of his efforts and exercise a depressing effect upon his activities. It is impossible to know what application knowledge may have until after it is required, and the seeker after purely useful knowledge will fail to acquire any real knowledge whatever."

These are words of wisdom that perhaps never needed emphasis so much as at the present time when the question, what use is a discovery, is the first one asked, and when the public are being deceived into supposed applications of scientific discoveries that

have no real practical significance whatever. If men like Pasteur had allowed themselves to be drawn aside from their life work by the question of utility of early researches and the application of their discoveries in the industrial world, we should have missed the sublimer discoveries of their mature life,—something that we could ill afford, since genius is so rare and discoveries come only to genius.

**Dissolution of the Atom.**—The address on problems of inorganic chemistry was delivered by Sir William Ramsey, who will be remembered as the English chemist who has taught the world much about the composition of the air that was unknown before. He considers that the fundamental task of inorganic tendency is still connected with the classifications of elements and compounds. Classification centres at present in the periodical arrangement of the elements according to the order of their atomic weights. This, it will be remembered, is the famous law of periodicity discovered by Mendelejev and Lothar Meyer, and almost simultaneously by the English chemist Newlands. As the result of its acceptance, certain problems in the chemistry of unknown elements became clearer at once. Perhaps the great triumph of its application and the demonstration of its truth was that some as yet undiscovered elements were prophesied as sure to be found, and even the properties they would possess were suggested, simply from the fact that when the known elements were arranged according to the law of periodicity, certain gaps were seen to exist.

As we shall see, Sir William Ramsey considers that the atom can no longer be considered as the ultimate particle of matter, and atomic weight will therefore lose much of its significance. Yet he ventures to say: "Whatever changes in our views may be concealed in the lap of the future, this great generalization due to Newlands, Lothar Meyer, and Mendelejev, will always retain a place, perhaps the prominent place in chemical science." In another part of his address Sir William had said: "Up to now the sheet-anchor of the chemist has been the atom, but the atom itself appears to be complex and to be capable of decomposition. It is true that only in the case of a very few elements, and these of high atomic weight, has this been proved; but even radium, the element which has by far the most rapid rate of disintegration,

has a comparatively long life. The period of half change of any given mass of radium is approximately 1,100 years. The rate of change of the other elements is incomparably slower."

Notwithstanding the slowness of the decomposition of radium, Sir William considers that the change it undergoes is attended with an enormous loss of energy. It is easy, he says, to calculate from heat measurements (and independent and concordant measurements have been made) that one pound of (radium) emanation is capable of parting with as much energy as several hundred tons of nitro-glycerine. The quantity of energy evolved during the disintegration of the atom is as astonishing as the nature of the change.

No wonder that physicists and astronomers should begin to review their estimates with regard to the possible life of the sun and the sources of its energy. Here is a form of energy that has been present all round us in the world all the time, absolutely unsuspected hitherto, but which is about to revolutionize ideas, not only in physics and chemistry, but very probably also in astronomy and geology. Nothing perhaps makes clearer how passing is the supposed truth of the physical science of any one generation than this complete change of scientific opinion which happens, curiously enough, just to coincide with the beginning of the new century.

**Uncertainty of Scientific Guesses.**—Scientists who are unable to demonstrate certain theories beyond the range of the facts actually observed, sometimes make guesses at truth which unfortunately are not infrequently accepted by overzealous followers as of as great significance as, and sometimes even more than, the actual truth of science itself. In his recent address on the fundamental concepts of physical science, Professor Edward L. Nichols, of Cornell University, suggested some striking instances of the precarious nature of scientific assumptions. He gave for example the list of guesses made as to the temperature of the sun, which has been variously estimated at from about  $1,500^{\circ}$  C., through the various thousands and hundred thousands up to  $2,500,000^{\circ}$  C. suggested by Ericsson to Father Secchi's estimate of  $5,000,000^{\circ}$  C. The surface temperature of the sun is now pretty generally agreed upon as being between the  $6,000$  and  $8,000^{\circ}$  C. The



estimate of the internal temperature, however, continues to be of as speculative a character as ever. One German computation gives it as about  $5,000,000^{\circ}$  C. Another as about  $15,000,000^{\circ}$  C. Lord Kelvin considers that the internal temperature of the sun is at least  $200,000,000^{\circ}$  C.

An excellent example of how easy it is to make a mistake in science on the assumption that natural phenomena incapable of observation follow the same law as analagous, or what even might be considered as similar, phenomena is quoted with regard to the rays of light that are below the red in the sun's spectrum. As the result of observations made in the infra-red rays, Langley, whose studies in this subject used to be considered the standard, published a series of wave-lengths for a number of the infra-red rays which he had been unable to observe because they did not affect his instruments. Later, it was found that, while a regular gradual descent in number of wave-lengths might have been expected, no such regularity actually existed. On the contrary, just beyond the point where Langley's observations ceased, there was a serious break in the gradual descent, so that his assumption was not even approximately correct.

We are constantly asked to accept supposed truth on the assumption that phenomena take place according to definite laws, even though the absolute determination of the application of these laws to the phenomena has not been observed. This is true, for instance, with regard to the supposed uniform action of the forces of nature in bringing about the changes on the earth that can be recognized in its crust as having taken place in past time, yet science is full of observations that demonstrate the frequent futility of such assumptions. The expression of a distinguished American scientist who said, "Nature never quite acts as we expect she shall; she never quite fulfils in her ways, as we learn her true significance, what we had laid down for her in theory." Or, as Professor Osborne, of Columbia, said, "Nature never follows out the programme of the closet philosopher." The lesson is that observations are wanted in science, not theory. Theories always delay and hamper. Observations help progress.

**Is Mars Inhabited?**—The question whether the planets are inhabited is a constantly recurring subject of interest. In the



November number of *Harper's Magazine* Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, discusses it in a way that may seem novel to many persons. He calls attention especially to Mars and to the close resemblance which this planet bears to the earth in certain respects. He emphasizes the fact that many of the planets seem to be so situated that their climatic conditions would promise to be even more favorable for the existence of life than are those of our earth or of Mars. The torrid zone of Mars must nearly correspond, as far as its climate is concerned, to our temperate zone. This would make an interesting celestial neighbor of ours a suitable abode for life such as exists upon the earth.

It is curiously interesting to find that the French astronomer's main arguments for the habitation of Mars are based on *a priori* arguments, not scientific data. He says: "God exists and He did not create habitable spheres with no object. Therefore, we can hardly conceive that habitable spheres were created without their end being accomplished. It seems absurd to pretend that they were only created to be observed from time to time by a few of us. How, therefore, could the aim of their existence be accomplished if they are not inhabited by a single being. The connection between our own planet and its beings leads us to the inevitable conclusion that the idea of habitation is immediately connected with the idea of habitability."

As a matter of fact a Martian Academy of Sciences could make out a much worse case against the possible habitation of the earth than we could against Mars in the same respects. Our planet, for instance, might be said not to resemble theirs enough to have but one moon while Mars has two, a fact which would leave half the nights so dark that it might well be said that a beneficent Providence would surely not make such poor provision for rational creatures. Besides, our years are too short—only half the length of those of Mars—and the changes in temperature must lack that gradual character suited for healthy life, and then our skies are so often murky while Mars' sky is always clear that, as the Martian Academy might argue, rational creatures would scarcely be condemned to live in such comparative darkness.

## Studies and Conferences.

### THE PERPETUAL VIRGINITY OF MARY AND THE "BRETHREN OF JESUS."

*Rev. Dear Sir:*—In touching upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception, suggested by the recent Jubilee celebration of the definition of the dogma, a teacher in a well-known secular college for young ladies asserted that the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of Christ was contradicted by the language of the Bible. As your inquirer was the only Catholic in the class, and, though strongly convinced of the Catholic doctrine, did not feel competent to enter upon a public discussion of the subject, she failed to challenge a specific statement as to *where* the Bible contradicted the doctrine. I know, however, that the matter rests in the minds of some of my companions, who are only prevented by delicacy from questioning me upon the subject; and therefore I would ask you:

1. Is there any passage in the Bible which warrants the statement that Our Lady has not the recognized claim to perpetual virginity which we Catholics fondly accord her?
2. Is the passage or expression (if there be any such) the same in the Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible?
3. Does the Protestant version in that case do justice to the original?

Please give the reasons and sources which would make it impossible for the non-Catholic who maintains the views of my teacher, to say that they are not the answer which an unbiased critic would give. I should like to have a reply such as any educated Biblical scholar would have to admit.

There are several passages in the New Testament which touch the subject in question. The one that presents the common difficulty of arguing against the perpetual virginity of Our Blessed Lady is first met in St. Matthew's Gospel (13: 55-56) where the Jews are introduced as asking about our Lord: "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary, and His brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Jude: and His sisters are they not all with us?"

With the exception of the proper names Joses for Joseph, and Judas for Jude, the Protestant English versions agree with the translation of the Douay Bible.

The original Greek term for *brethren* is ἀδελφοί, and for *sisters* ἀδελφαί, the Latin Vulgate rendering for which is *fratres* and *sorores*. The contention of those who deny the Catholic teaching of Mary's prerogative is that the words "brethren," or their equivalent "brothers," and "sisters," are to be taken in their obvious sense, which would indicate that Our Blessed Lady was blessed like other Hebrew mothers, and that the miraculous birth of our Divine Lord, if it must be conceded from the language of the Gospels, was an exceptional privilege which did not prevent the benediction of Abraham upon her in a less exalted sense.

Catholic theologians deny the assumption and interpret the words "brethren" and "sisters" as merely blood relations. The annotator of our English Catholic Bible says: "*His brethren*; these were children of Mary the wife of Cleophas, sister to Our Blessed Lady, and therefore, according to the usual style of the Scripture, they were called *brethren*, that is, *near relations* to our Saviour."

The entire question hinges therefore upon determining the meaning of the words used by the Evangelist. To this meaning there is no other clue than the parallel usage of the same word in the Sacred Text, and the constant tradition of the Christian writers in accepting one sense rather than another.

If we consult the representative critics who discuss the question, we find that their verdict is divided. They point out on the one hand that the word brethren in the Sacred Text generally explains itself by the context, and thus leaves no doubt as to its stricter or its wider meaning; and in the present case there is nothing to imply that the wider sense is to be preferred. Furthermore, they contend that the general belief among converts from Judaism before the time of St. Jerome, that is to say, for more than three centuries after our Lord's coming, was in favor of the literal interpretation. This fact is also attested by the so-called *apocryphal* writings about the Holy Family, which date in the main from the second or third century after Christ.

Against these arguments Catholics maintain that the Sacred Text does use the word in the wider sense of kinsman, as in Gen.

14: 16, where "brother" stands for *nephew*; in Canticles 4: 9; where it stands for *husband*; II Sam. 19: 12; Exod. 2: 11; Numb. 20: 14, etc., where it is used for *tribesman*. Similarly in the New Testament: Matt. 24: 40, where it means *disciple*, as in many passages of St. Paul's letters.

That the tradition before the time of St. Jerome was in favor of the literal translation may be conceded; but this can easily be explained by the grosser conceptions which the Jewish converts generally held regarding our Lord's personality, and which were based upon the faith of the Old Law in which the blessings of motherhood in the natural order were deemed to be the highest prerogative of womanhood. The Jewish mind did not at once and fully realize that the entire purpose of the Divine promise made to Abraham had come to its conclusion in the birth of the Messiah, and hence the old belief kept its hold in the popular tradition. Like other doctrines of the Church the true significance of the Immaculate Conception and Motherhood of Mary did not reveal itself at once. But we may assume that the teaching which St. Jerome and after him all the great Fathers of the Church in the East and West unfolded represented the Catholic mind in its higher conceptions of the Motherhood of Christ.

This is the unanimous conclusion of Catholic theologians from a detailed examination of the testimony at hand. Nor are they alone in this. Professor Paul Schmiedel, one of the greatest living authorities in New Testament exegesis, a Protestant who has no sentimental leanings toward Catholic doctrine, after reviewing the elaborate arguments made by the modern Protestant and rationalist critics (which are fully represented in Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and in Smith's, and others) in favor of a literal meaning of the word *brother*, points out that they are not quite conclusive. He reviews the relationship of the persons mentioned as the "brothers" of our Lord, and adds in referring to the argument: "This has given occasion for crowning the series of combinations whereby it becomes possible to deny the existence of literal brethren of Jesus and to affirm the perpetual virginity of His Mother. Once it is admitted that James and Joses were sons of Clopas and of Mary (Cleopha) his wife, the same seems to hold good of all the 'brethren of Jesus.' In that case they would be



'brethren of Jesus' only in the sense in which 'brethren' (*ἀδελφοί*) is used instead of *ἀνεψιοί* (children of two brothers or two sisters) in II Sam. 20:9." This is good authority, and quite recent. Examine Cheyne's *Encyclopedia Biblica*, which is anything but biased in favor of Catholic teaching, articles *Clopas*, etc.

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### TEXT-BOOKS OF HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS.

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*To the Editor of THE DOLPHIN:*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—In the *History of England for the Young*, published by Burns & Oates, I notice a heading (p. 205), "Sale of Indulgences;" and in *The History of the World*, by John MacCarthy, published as a text-book for Catholic Schools by Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss, I read (p. 391) that Luther protested, in his 95 theses, "against the sale and practice of Indulgences." Do not Catholics protest against the term "sale of Indulgences" as applied by some historians to the practices of Tetzel and his preachers in the publication of the Indulgences?

Very truly yours,

INQUIRER.

The stricture which the above letter implies points out a species of carelessness common enough in books professedly catering to the Catholic trade, and which is partly the result of an absence of scholastic and judicious censorship by those who have the authority, partly also it is an outcome of the mercantile spirit that controls our religious publication system.

No doubt the authors and publishers of the above books would plead in justification for allowing the terms "Sale of Indulgences" and "the sale and practice of Indulgences" to stand, that the words were intended here as a quotation of the charge made against Catholics. But the excuse appears to be a mere subterfuge, when we remember that the young, for whom these books are ostensibly written, are not apt to formulate such a distinction, and that the impression left upon the average mind will be that of an implied concession, namely, that the Church did sanction "the sale" as she sanctions "the practice of Indulgences."

No doubt there were people, and probably priests and religious who, by their manner of soliciting alms for the purpose of building churches and monasteries, promising in return the prayers and indulgences of the Church meritorious, gave to their indiscreet zeal the appearance of a traffic in sacred things; and no doubt there were others who, like Judas of old, went further and satisfied their personal greed by soliciting such alms under false pretences for their own benefit; but then the sin and abuse of these misguided zealots and pretenders are not to be understood as equivalent to responsibility for such acts on the part of the Church which teaches very plain doctrine on the subject of selling sacred things and on simony. Not even a disbeliever in Christianity would think it proper to speak about the theft and mercenary duplicity of Judas as a fault which is to be laid at the door of the Apostolic College over which Christ presided; and if a Catholic were to use ambiguous language in such a connection, we should at once feel the impropriety and untruthfulness of it. In the case of class-books for those in whose minds first impressions of historical events need be correctly formed, it is of even greater importance to avoid any statement that would be apt to generate a false conviction by reading of subsequent misrepresentation of similar facts.

Are we then to avoid entirely the statement of abuses such as may have occurred in connection with the promulgation of Indulgences? No; only let us state them precisely as they occurred, just as the Evangelists state Judas' abuse of his trust; that is to say, by way of contrast rather than by way of circumstance. To do this rightly is the function of the true teacher and hence of a good text-book. It avoids alike the danger of allowing the notion of impeccability to discolor the judgment about men who hold sacred trusts, and on the other strengthens the faith in the really supernatural endowments of the Catholic Church which are independent of the weakness of man.

In connection with this subject we draw attention to two newly published volumes sent to us for notice during the past scholastic term and dealing with the matter of English History for the use of our schools. One is *A School History of England*, by Harmon B. Niver, teacher in the New York City Public

Schools; the other *A History of England for Catholic Schools*, by E. Wyatt-Davies, Trinity College, Cambridge.

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#### BLESSED FRANCIS GONZAGA.

The good news is published in the official acts of the Franciscan Order that the S. Congregation of Rites has resumed the process of Beatification of P. Francesco Gonzaga, the man to whom St. Aloysius owed perhaps above all others the realization of his wish to become a Jesuit, when the opposition of the family threatened to frustrate the Divine call and to deprive the Church of so fair a Saint. Francis Gonzaga had been, before his entrance into the Franciscan Order, attached to the Court of Charles V of Spain, and at the age of eleven, as page elect, accompanied the special embassy of the Emperor to Alessandro Farnese in Flanders. A few years later, he was deputed as escort to Philip of Spain, son of Charles, for the royal coronation ceremony, to Brussels. That same year, however, he renounced the pleasures and honors of the court, and being scarcely eighteen years of age, entered the novitiate of the Friars Minor at Alcala. He became an eminent theologian, and in 1579, at the age of thirty-three, was elected General of the entire Franciscan Order. It was on his return from a visitation of the Minorite communities in Spain, that he took the young son of Count Ferrante Gonzaga of Castiglione with him to Italy. Aloysius Gonzaga was then about eighteen years old. A few months later, after Aloysius had entered the novitiate of the Jesuits, P. Francesco came to Don Ferrante, who was on his deathbed at Milan, and moved him fully to second the sacrifice which his beloved boy had made in leaving behind him the prospects of a military and courtly career in order to assume the black gown of the militia of Christ.

When the Archiepiscopal See of Milan had been left vacant by the death of St. Charles Borromeo, the Pope nominated P. Francesco Gonzaga as his successor, but the latter declined to accept the dignity, as he deemed himself unworthy and incapable of sustaining the work begun by the saintly Archbishop. Later on, he was prevailed upon to assume the difficult post of Bishop to the See of Cefalù in Sicily. Here he laid the foundations of the first

ecclesiastical seminary on the model prescribed by the Council of Trent. He was relentless in enforcing the reforms sanctioned by the decrees of the Council, and effectually resisted the political intriguers who, in the name of the King, sought to maintain certain abuses among the clergy under the title of ecclesiastical prerogatives, which they found to their temporal advantage. On one occasion, when an officer of high degree pleaded his past loyalty to the King as an excuse for refusing to recognize the ordinances of the Bishop, the latter answered: "You speak of loyalty to the King, as though the Bishop had no such sentiments. Let me remind you, sir, that the Gonzagas have shed a greater quantity of blood in defence of the King than you have consumed wine during your lifetime, which I think cannot be little."

Later, P. Francesco was nominated Bishop of Pavia; but, at the urgent instance of the Duke of Mantua, he was appointed to the see of the ducal city, where he also founded a seminary, and enforced the reforms of the Council. To his efforts were largely due the Beatification of his holy young relative, Aloysius, which occurred within fifteen years after the death of the youthful Saint. The final canonization was not effected until a hundred and twenty years later. There is a biography of P. Francesco Gonzaga from the pen of Donesmondi, published in Venice, 1625. The body of the Venerable Francesco Gonzaga is preserved in the Cathedral of Mantua; the figure of the Bishop is there seen sitting upon the episcopal throne erected in the vault under the high altar.



## Criticisms and Notes.

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**A HISTORY OF ENGLAND FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.** By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London, New York and Bombay : Longmans, Green and Company.

**A SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** By Harmon B. Niver, A.B., Teacher in New York City Public Schools. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : American Book Company. Pp. xvi-406.

A discriminating choice of text-books in the general field of modern history is of great importance to the educators in Catholic schools, because the facts of history are commonly so distorted by partisan spirit as to create and promote the prejudices which are supposed to justify and give strength to factional conviction. This applies in an especial manner to the study of the History of England ; for the commonwealth of the United States is in some way an outcome of England's political and social culture of the last three centuries, and our language and colonial institutions are fundamentally identical with those of the British Empire. Besides these elements which make for unity in the political and social order, there are also antagonisms of sentiment which divide large numbers of our citizens on religious grounds, antagonisms which are likewise due to traditions that have their growth in centuries of British history. Thus our likes and our dislikes are closely interwoven with England's past and seek their cause in English antecedent, a fact which demands that we should rightly apprehend that past, so as to estimate and compose our differences upon grounds of fact rather than upon the traditional and inherited bias.

As for distinctly Catholic presentations of England's history we have a number of good sources, but they are not as a rule available for school use ; they are either too large, as is the case with Lingard's unabridged volumes, especially if brought up to date, or they are only partial histories, that is to say, they cover a limited period, or take a restricted view, controversial or apologetical, of the events since the so-called Reformation. In one or other of these categories are to be placed the histories of England by Miss Allies, Dom Gasquet, Father Morris, Augusta Drane, and others, as well as the various abridgments

and monographs collected under the title of Clifton Tracts, or the works dealing with the separate stories of Ireland, Scotland and the Colonies.

Of the two books before us the one by Professor Wyatt-Davies of Trinity College, Cambridge, addresses itself distinctly to the middle and upper divisions of Catholic schools. Its manner of stating facts without any uncalled-for indication of personal views gives to the volume that sanction which goes with a just estimate of things as they are. If there is not to be found in the narrative that distinctly apologetic coloring which characterizes a defence of Catholic prerogatives, it is to be remembered that this book is a political and not an ecclesiastical history. The volume is, as the author states in his preface, intended for students who are engaged in preparing for examinations in which they will have to compete with non-Catholics. We must not therefore look here for a distinct summary of the history of the Catholic Church in England, or for a controversial medium. It should be said that this mode of presentation has its distinct advantages in practical education. It enables the student from the outset to obtain a fair perspective of things, in the light in which others might see them, without preventing that subsequent strengthening of the evidences in favor of the truth by facts and aspects which narrower minds lay hold of exclusively to determine their view of religious questions. Religious fanaticism, even if it be on the right side, is like other phases of excessive zeal for good : it injures the defence and hinders not merely conversion but also that desirable toleration which permits Catholic charity to grow.

For his sources Professor Wyatt-Davies refers chiefly to Dr. Lingard, Dr. Stubbs, Professor Freeman, Dr. Gardiner, Mr. Lecky, and other well-known writers in the same field. As a guarantee that right use has been made of these authorities, some of whom might lend themselves to opposing interpretations, we have the names of Monsignors Ward and Nolan, and the Jesuit Fathers Joseph Rickaby, Sydney Smith, and Herbert Thurston, intimating that their judgment influenced the author in the shaping of his text or the expression of his views. And indeed we find nothing that does not indicate a healthy and scholastic spirit. Here and there a phrase might have been modified to give the more accurate impression touching facts assumed or real. Thus, it cannot be said that responsible historians of the period of Henry II admit that, as the author states, he obtained "from the English Pope Hadrian IV, the Bull *Laudabiliter*, granting Ireland to the English Crown." It is more true to say that Henry

Plantagenet exhibited, sixteen years after the death of Hadrian IV, a Bull, purporting to have been written by that Pope in 1155, which pretended to authorize the annexation of Ireland to the English Crown. It is quite true that writers like Cardinal Newman appear to have assumed the genuine character of "the Bull Laudabiliter," since it is to be found in the *Bullarium* of Coqueline. But there are writers who, like Father William Morris of the Oratory, having made a special study of the subject, offer hardly mistakable evidence of the fact that the Bull was a forgery. The fact that there exists no original of it, in the Roman archives or anywhere else; that the earliest copy of it occurs thirty-four years after its alleged composition in a work by Giraldus Cambrensis, and that in form and spirit it is quite different from the numerous authenticated Bulls of the same Pope, is sufficient to inspire the historian with legitimate suspicion as to its being genuine; and the matter is one which reflects not only upon the legitimate assumption of Pontifical rights but also upon the character of a Pope who has claims upon our respect as a ruler and defender of Catholic interests. A similar stricture might be made with reference to the ostensible charge of "sorcery and heresy" lodged against Joan of Arc by a court as notoriously partisan and political as it was nominally ecclesiastical. That the authority of the Church was distinctly disregarded in the trial is now the received opinion among unprejudiced historians, a fact which is not made clear by the simple statement that the Maid of Orleans was condemned on the charge of "sorcery and heresy," which of course is taken to mean not political but religious disaffection.

But if a thoroughly satisfactory text-book in the hand of the Catholic pupil calls for certain modifications of expression in the way indicated, the general tenor of Mr. Wyatt-Davies' book is such as to recommend it to the teacher of the secular history of England. His clear diction, division of topics, easy transition from one theme to another, with due emphasis on subjects of national rather than local importance,—all stamp the work as that of a practised teacher and of a judicious historian, and elicit our approval.

Somewhat different in method and spirit is the work of Mr. Niver, which lays rather stress upon the didactic features of the text-book. It is evidently written with the desire to maintain a neutral attitude regarding facts which trench upon religious ground; and the author does not pretend that his presentation is to be taken as a complete analysis of the events that make up the history of the English people.



He intends to arouse interest in further studies of the questions treated in the volume, and hence refers the pupil to a list of books in the appendix which is to be made use of with a view of comparison, discrimination, and the exercise of independent judgment, the possession of which is the "basis of all historical study." With a similar purpose each chapter or topical section is followed by a series of "questions for thought" and a number of points suggesting "topics for some reading." In this feature the volume of Professor Niver excels that of Professor Wyatt-Davies, which simply summarizes the "chief events" at the end of each chapter.

But when we come to view the narrative of the New York teacher as a perspective of historical events, our judgment is not so favorable. Despite his almost laconic method of stating facts we have often to pause and ask ourselves: *is* he stating facts? The traditional bias with which certain phases of history have been treated by historians who, on general grounds of literary excellence, command popular respect, is fatal to the teacher of elementary knowledge. The more brief his summary, the more likely is he to misstate its details, for there remains little room for those modifications of implied criticism which leave their permanent impression upon the reader.

Mr. Niver seeks to be just, as we said, but he hardly succeeds; and yet it would be difficult to seize upon any definite group of facts or upon any one strong statement in which he could be charged with misrepresentation of admitted historical facts. His distortions are the result of a sort of false coloring, of seemingly harmless adjectives, of mentioning trivial incidents which gain an accidental importance by their connection or by the omission of other facts. The style of language is not as a rule choice,—a fact which increases the unfavorable impression of the whole composition. We would illustrate our meaning by comparing Professor Niver's delineations of certain personages and events characterizing the various epochs of England's history, with those by Mr. Wyatt-Davies, if our space here allowed it; but one or two instances may suffice to suggest the difference that separates the two writers of text-books for the young. Speaking of Elizabeth and Mary Tudor, Mr. Niver records his judgment as follows:

"When Elizabeth came to the throne, the Protestant exiles returned, and those who were in prison on account of that religion were set free. Mary had ruled in order to make the English people Catholic. Elizabeth ruled to make the English nation strong. For this reason she has received the name of 'Good Queen Bess.' Under her rule schools and colleges were encouraged," etc.



Mr. Wyatt-Davies says of Elizabeth :—

“Perfectly unscrupulous, a mistress of all the arts of dissimulation, caring little for religion, coarse in her language and conduct, capable of acts of passionate vindictiveness, Elizabeth seems to have united in her person the worst traits of the imperious House of Tudor. Highly educated and accomplished, she was, nevertheless, practically untouched by the marvellous intellectual movement of her reign. The great giants of literature, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spencer and Hooker, owed little to her patronage.”

Again note Mr. Niver's estimate of Mary Tudor in the following passage :—

“She was a plain, sickly woman, somewhat dull, and came to the throne at the mature age of thirty-seven. Her youth had been blighted and unhappy on account of her mother's unjust divorce and consequent disgrace. She was a devout and faithful Catholic, and believed that her one duty as sovereign was to restore the Catholic form of worship and the rule of the Pope. Beyond this she said little and understood little of the needs of her people. She had the Tudor determination, but none of the Tudor statesmanship. The great Kings of England, those who had governed most successfully, had consulted the wish of the people; but under the Tudors it had become the custom to refer everything to the will of the sovereign. Mary's first care, therefore, was to have Parliament repeal the laws that gave countenance to Protestantism, and to restore the Catholic form of worship. The penalty for refusing to accept the established religion was death, usually by burning.”

Compare with this Mr. Wyatt-Davies' estimate of Mary :—

“From the first, Mary avowed her intention of undoing the ecclesiastical revolution of the previous reign. Gardiner and the other deprived bishops were restored to their sees . . . the queen, as she declared in a proclamation to her subjects, was determined not to use compulsion in matters of religion till further counsel were taken by common consent.”

Referring to the cruel epithet which has been affixed to Mary's reign owing to the sad events for which she has been made responsible, the same author goes on to say :

“These matters cannot be judged from the standpoint of to-day. For, in the first place, it is certain that Mary's disposition, in spite of all the embittering experiences of her early life, did not lean to harshness. Her magnanimous treatment of the conspirators at the beginning of her reign, and of those who had harassed and humiliated her in the reigns of her father and brother, shows a loftiness of character without parallel at the time. Of the integrity of her conduct, her kindness to her dependents and to the poor, there is ample proof . . . In the second place, Mary necessarily shared the universal belief of her time, that it was the duty of the civil power to put down erroneous doctrine and belief held by Protestants as well as Catholics. Thus Calvin burnt the Socinian Servetus, Cranmer sent Anabaptists to

the stake . . . Lastly, even if we blame Mary and her advisers, in justice it must be remembered that some at least of the Protestant martyrs were guilty of treason," etc.

If the reader compares the two judgments, making due allowance for the fact that they are taken out of their context, he will have two somewhat different portraits, though the fundamental outlines remain the same. Mr. Niver depicts faces, Mr. Wyatt-Davies countenances, and the effect is a decidedly different one in the light of historical truth.

**THE LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS**, of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. Third edition, enlarged. With Additional Notes and an Introduction by the Rev. Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. London: Thomas Baker. 1904. Pp. xliii—489.

**THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SAINTS.** By Henri Joly. With Preface and Notes by G. Tyrrell, S.J. London: Duckworth & Co. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. Pp. xv—184.

St. Teresa's Autobiography should need no commendatory introduction to the educated reader, Catholic or non-Catholic, cleric or lay. Estimated from a purely human standard it is one of the greatest soul-pictures of all time, and takes its place easily in the world's literature by the side of St. Augustine's *Confessions* and Newman's *Apologia*. But St. Teresa's *Life* is much more than the laying bare of a soul, howsoever great. It is the record of Divine love; of the marvellous workings, the rich endowerings, the intimate communings, of the Holy Spirit in a character which on its own confession lent itself not always generously to these supernal endearments. From this viewpoint St. Teresa's *Life* is a revelation of a higher order, an illumination of the mysterious ways of God, and as such must exalt and encourage whoever reads with the will to submit to its potency. The tempered yet sympathetic judgment passed on it by Fra Banes, when it was placed in his hands by the Saint herself, "I am of opinion that this book is not to be shown to every one, but only to men of learning, experience and Christian discretion,"—may in the judgment of some be still safe to follow. On the whole, however, it may be conjectured at least that there are few that will care to take up the book at all, who will not be enlightened and strengthened by its reading, though, of course, here as elsewhere they will get most who most bring.

There is a special appositeness in republishing the *Life* of St. Teresa at this time. Since some of the heretofore hidden secrets of man's subconscious self are becoming revealed through the agencies of psychical research and spread abroad by the popular press, the opinion has correspondingly developed that the mystical phenomena experienced by the Saints—their ecstasies, upliftings, revelations, and the like—are all explicable by hysteria, auto-suggestion, and other such obscure influences. The attempt to explain the extraordinary phenomena in the life of St. Teresa by animal magnetism and similar occult agencies had been exploded by the Bollandists, but was recently revived in Spain and spread thence into France, Germany, and elsewhere. The discussion is summed up and disposed of in a book entitled *La Pretendue Hysterie de Sainte Thérèse*, by P. Gregoire. The intuitions of faith and instinctive reverence for sanctity will of course dispel from the intelligent Catholic mind any such naturalistic theory, and it would seem that the unprejudiced reading of St. Teresa's *Life* should be enough to show its utter inapplicability in her case, since she herself, with an insight keener and surer by far than that of the psychical researcher, accurately distinguishes in her own case and that of others between what may be called purely natural—normal and abnormal—psychosis. Nevertheless, since the naturalistic theory has laid a hold on some minds, the reader interested in the matter would do well to make a study of Mr. Joly's *Psychology of the Saints*.

The singular merit of the little book just named is that it takes the saint's life out of the superhuman atmosphere in which it is too often hidden by some of the older hagiographers, and brings it within the range of the average human experience. While far from enucleating the supernatural elements in the life of sanctity, it pictures their relation to the natural character—mind, imagination, will, emotions, conduct—and thus shows that heroic holiness is after all continuous with ordinary religiousness; that the saint differs from the average Christian, not in kind but in degree of love and effort. No one will suspect Mr. Joly of not being thoroughly conversant with the newest psychology. His books on *Instinct*, *Imagination*, and the *Psychology of Great Men*, afford adequate assurance in this respect. On the other hand, that his knowledge of hagiography is broad and intimate is evident from the work in the series of *The Saints*, now appearing under his editorship. Moreover, both these qualifications are obviously blended in the little book mentioned above, wherein a critical and



scholarly spirit is elevated and sustained by the instinct of a reverential faith. The book is at once instructive, inspiring, and encouraging.

A word in conclusion concerning the present edition of St. Teresa's *Life*. Mr. Lewis' translation first appeared in 1870 and was re-issued in 1888. He had prepared a third edition prior to his death, which occurred in 1895. Of his translation the present editor says that it is so excellent that it could hardly be improved. While faithfully adhering to the text the translator has been successful in rendering its lofty teaching in simple and clear language, and, we might add, in eliminating all traces of a foreign idiom. The book reads as though written originally in English. The editing of Mr. Lewis' final rendition was intrusted to Father Zimmerman, and consists in a critical introduction highly valuable for its chronological and bibliographical comments. Mr. Lewis' translation remains unchanged save in one sentence, the alteration of which was not unimportant.

Let it be added here that the clients of St. Teresa will be gratified at seeing her *Life* presented in so splendid a form. No pains have been spared by the publisher to make the material book as far as possible worthy of its spiritual contents.

**ROSA MYSTICA.** Immaculatae Tributum Jubilaeum A.D. MCMIV. The fifteen mysteries of the M. H. Rosary, and other Joys, Sorrows, and Glories of Mary. Illustrated with copies of the Rosary Frescoes of Giovanni di San Giovanni and other artists. By Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: R. and T. Washbourne; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Quarto. Pp. xxii—279.

The devout Oratorian who affectionately pays his tribute to Mary Immaculate by this Jubilee offering of pious reflections upon the various mysteries of her life, is already known to Catholic readers of a certain choice kind of religious literature. His verses, in particular those published under the title of "A Priest's Poems," have the beautiful resonance that belongs to sacred things and suggests the natural grace of that intuitive virtue which sees God in all earthly movements.

The series of spiritual readings brought here together for the purpose of illustrating the beautiful qualities of the Virgin Mother of Christ, in order thence to draw the lesson of her merit and dignity, is characterized by a certain freshness and freedom in which poetry



and prose mingle to color the mystical vesture of Our Lady. There are two main aspects of Mary's life from which we learn our own place toward God. These two aspects are well indicated in the two months of the year which the Church dedicates in an especial manner to the honor of the Queen of Heaven. "May, with its freshness, its flowers, its springtide of hope," and "autumn's golden October," have each their distinct devotions in which one supplements the other. "In May we chiefly aim at praising our Mother, extolling her while we cheer ourselves with the contemplation of her many prerogatives, and we give expression to these sentiments by our offerings to the Lady Altar, and our hymns and praises." In October we go to the Queen of the holy Rosary not merely to reverence, but to profess our allegiance, our readiness to follow her royal standard in the ranks of those who fight on the side of God for purity and a holy love against the serpent that lies in wait to destroy virtue and foster selfishness and vice. Upon these two currents of thought—devotion and imitation by self-conquest and valiant fight against evil of every kind—Father Digby Best sends out his meditations expressed in beautiful language and illustrated by pictures from partly forgotten and remote stores of Christian art. In fact it is this feature of artistic form which strikes one as the main design of the author. Besides some drawings from the Masters of the Revival period, such as Rafael, Murillo, Carlo Dolci, Guido Reni, Filippo Lippi, Bernard Luino, and others equally well known, a considerable number of the illustrations are half-tones from sketches by Giovanni di San Giovanni, who painted at Florence during the early part of the seventeenth century. Whilst his frescoes were undoubtedly characterized by a certain originality of form, they can hardly lay claim to that attractiveness which one instinctively looks for in the image of the "Tota Pulchra." Still the aim which Father Best had in view is perhaps served more directly by this selection, since it is calculated to draw attention to the less conventional in artistic recitation, and thus helps reflection and feeling otherwise rendered callous by the habit of viewing stereotyped forms in connection with an excellence that is ever renewing its charms by its association with the divine beauty which it immediately reflects. The letterpress is of altogether superior quality and the volume is tastefully bound in white parchment cover with blue and gold decoration.

**SOCIALISM.** Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application. By Victor Cathrein, S.J. Authorized translation of the eighth German edition. With special reference to the condition of Socialism in the United States. Revised and enlarged by Victor F. Gettelmann, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 424.

Since its first appearance, in 1890, the original of this book has passed through eight large editions and been translated into as many different languages. Besides this remarkable fecundity, it has enjoyed the distinction, rarely accorded to a work of its parentage, of a favorable reception amongst Protestant critics in Germany, and of high praise even from so prominent a socialist organ as the *Neue Zeit*, in which Kautsky writes that "Marx's theory has been rendered much better by Cathrein than by any of the liberalist 'socialist-killers.' The author has at least read the works which he discusses." The latter sentence signalizes, if not the book's primary claim to merit, certainly one that is quite obvious. Nearly every page evinces the author's familiarity with the principles, methods and demands of socialists, and that not simply as they are divulged in Germany, but in every other country wherein their propaganda has been effected. His expositions of programmes and systems, though relatively succinct, are fairly comprehensive and clear. This is especially true in regard to the Marxian theories. The chief excellence, however, of the work seems to lie in its discussion of the philosophical bases of Socialism. Marx's materialistic conception of history, which, according to Engels, advanced Socialism to the rank of science; the liberalistic doctrine of human equality; the socialistic attitude toward religion,—these fundamental questions are treated with singular insight and clarity. Whether Socialism should be dignified by the title of a philosophy may be questioned. At all events it is *based* on ultimate so-called principles, and to overthrow these is to pull down at least the speculative side of its superstructure. That Socialism, however, is proposed as a practical measure of reform, a remedy for existing evils, goes without saying. This is, if not its only, surely its chief *raison d'être*. To grasp its remedial plans and methods and to envisage them in their actual adaptation to the complex conditions of human life is, for one outside the ranks, a by no means easy task. To this task the author has devoted much sustained energy. Over one-third of his book is given to a discussion of the remedial programme presented by socialists,—their plans for the organization of labor, theories of profit and progress, family life, education, and the like. That he will succeed

in convincing socialists of the impracticability of their measures is more than may be hoped for; but that he has seen far ahead and argued justly thereon no one can reasonably, we think, deny.

It remains to add a few words concerning the present translation. The preceding edition had been practically a reprint of the original form of the book, no account having been taken of the changes which the past decade had wrought in socialistic proposals. The latest edition embodies the substance and more than doubles the compass of the former issue. Besides being brought fully abreast with the present status of Socialism throughout Europe, it now includes a reliable account of the socialistic movement in the United States, and presents also other minor adaptations to American conditions. The editor has had the advantage of the author's personal coöperation, and the work of translating has likewise been carefully supervised, so that both the matter and the form have been well provided for. A somewhat severer castigation of the latter would not have been amiss. The English, while perfectly clear, is not as smooth as it might be, and retains just a smack of the German flavor. A good style makes one desiderate a better; a classic should be classically rendered.

What therefore with this philosophical and practical study of Socialism and the scholarly and literary essays on the same subject contributed by Dr. Kerby to volumes fourth and fifth of THE DOLPHIN, educated Catholic readers need feel themselves at no loss of means whereby "to orient" themselves in this most burning and far-reaching problem of the present age.

THE RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE. By Wm. Cecil Dampier Whetham, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., 1012 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Pp. 344.

The opening of the present century welcomed a number of books in which the scientific achievements of its predecessor were summarized and popularized,—in some cases, it is true, with more regard on the author's part for rhetorical finish and dazzling effect than for exact science. The work here presented must be ranked with no such *fin de siècle* vulgarizations. The author indeed has had in mind the wants, and it may be added the limitations, of the general reader. He has accordingly endeavored, and with fair success, to convey facts and inferences of physical science in an interesting, or, in the better



sense of the term, popular, manner. And instead of roaming over the meads of science, gathering merely the sweet nosegays of pretty flowers, he has limited himself to one section of the great domain, that is, to physical science. He has confined himself, too, to just a few fruits, yet not altogether omitting the flowers; and of these the mode of growth rather than fair form and coloring have held his attention. In other words, he is concerned rather with methods than results, rightly deeming it that a superficial acquaintance with results without an underlying knowledge of method is useless, or worse than useless.

From this viewpoint and with this animus he enters upon the following problems: The liquefaction of gases—for instance, air and hydrogen—is described for the light it throws on the physical equilibrium between the so-called states of matter,—solid, liquid, and gaseous. Next, the phenomena of fusion and solidification of mixtures and alloys are considered in their bearing on the theory of equilibrium, and additional light is seen thence to fall on the practical arts of metallurgy, whilst the further study of solution in general brings in electrical phenomena and the theory of ionic conduction. This enables one to see further into electrolysis and certain important physiological processes. A fuller study of the ionic and electronic structure of atoms seems to bring almost to a reality the peripatetic doctrine of primal matter (*materia prima*), while the theory of radio-activity is recognized as the modern equivalent of the transmutation of substances dreamed of by the mediæval alchemists. The “scientific imagination” penetrates further into the ultimates of matter when it comes to picture atoms as infinitesimal systems of electrons,—corpuscles which themselves are described as just centres of “intrinsic ætherial strain.” Physics has already reached out to the stars and annexed them to its domain. By the aid of the spectroscope it examines the chemism of sun and stars, measures their motions, and speculates about their origin, development, and decay. Thus from the inner make-up of the atom to the majestic progress of the suns the visualization of the universe becomes fairly continuous and, so far as present information extends, consistent and on the whole plausible. How all this picture of phenomena comports with the ultimate questionings of the mind is happily suggested in the following verses:—

We scatter the mists that enclose us,  
Till the seas are ours and the lands,  
Till the quivering æther knows us,  
And carries our quick commands.



From the blaze of the sun's bright glory  
We sift each ray of light,  
We steal from the stars their story  
Across the dark spaces of night.

But beyond the bright search-lights of science,  
Out of sight of the windows of sense,  
Old riddles still bid us defiance,  
Old questions of Why and of Whence.  
There fail all sure means of trial,  
There end all the pathways we've trod,  
Where man, by belief or denial,  
Is weaving the purpose of God.

TWENTY-NINE CHATS AND ONE SCOLDING. By the Rev. Fred. O. O'Neill. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1905. Pp. 291.

Here is a writer who has the rare faculty of the Aesopian fabulist, and the still rarer gift of adapting the lessons which he draws from fable or fairyland to the spiritual needs of children. It is an old saying that the heart of the true priest is the heart of a mother, and Father O'Neill makes the statement good in the way he leads the young folks to examine their conduct by comparison with the living things in nature or with such fancies as appeal to the youthful imagination and make fiction a reality at least for the time, and for a purpose which ennobles motives and acts upon the formation of character. Even where the language is too choice for the limited educational experience of the child—a feature which the author might easily alter—the affectionate manner of approach to his readers and the genial glow with which the author surrounds his creations serve to attract the attention, and convey the lesson of early self-discipline which he wishes to inculcate. The "Scolding" which concludes the series of thirty short stories, having throughout a mythical but pleasant ring to them, is a good-natured intimation that little boys are no better than little girls, unless they practise what the story-teller has taught them; and that both boys and girls need to improve in all that pertains to solid progress and virtue.

The book is well printed and makes a useful gift to all who are young in heart and have the understanding of a bright American child. We trust Father O'Neill will do more in this field, which needs most assiduous cultivation, because our Juvenile Literature is very scant and much of it is puerile and insipid when compared with that of the secular story writers for children in the English language.

## Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

**Albert Gate Mystery:** Louis Tracy. *Fenno.* \$1.50.

An amateur detective, with methods unlike those of the police, Sherlock Holmes or Martin Hewit, attempts to discover who murdered four subjects of the Sultan staying in London under the protection of the Foreign Office, and in the course of his investigation unearths a remarkable political plot. The story is unequal in power, but some chapters are cleverly devised.

**American Wives and Others:** Jerome K. Jerome. *Stokes.* \$1.50.

Twenty-five brief papers, humorously written, even when on serious subjects, but generally discussing matters of small moment, and making the most of them.

**Arbitration and the Hague Court:** John W. Foster. *Houghton.* \$1.00 net.

This book recounts the present phases of the subject of arbitra-

tion; it begins with an historical review, describes the Hague Peace Conference; devotes a chapter to disarmament; takes up the Arbitration Convention; gives an account of the Hague Court with its suggested modifications, and special and joint commissions, and sums up the whole case. An appendix contains various State documents connected with the matter, and makes the book complete in itself.

**Art of the Louvre:** Mary Knight Potter. *Page.* \$1.60.

The Louvre itself is briefly described and some outline of its history is given with a general view of the building and views of especially important parts, but almost the entire book is given up to descriptions of the pictures, criticism based on generally received authority and reproductions of the pictures.

**Baccarat:** Frank Danby. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

An ugly story of a silly woman, who gambles when left

alone at Monte Carlo for a few days by her husband, borrows money of a gambler, and elopes with him. Her husband follows, brings her back, and from this point the book becomes equally offensive to decency and art.

**Broke of Covenden:** J. C. Snaith.  
*Turner.* \$1.50.

The last representative of an impoverished English family—the father of six daughters and a son—within a year is brought face to face with financial ruin, and the unwise marriage of his son, and one of his daughters, followed by the death of the former and the death of another daughter, but remains obstinately determined not to reduce his expenses and not to forgive his children. The birth of his son's heir breaks down his stubborn pride. The various characters in the tale are extraordinarily well wrought.

**Cabbages and Kings:** O. Henry.  
*McClure.* \$1.50.

A story of Americans living in a South American republic governed on principles leading to a series of events suitable as subjects for comic opera. It is entirely incredible, but holds the reader's interest and amuses him.

**Chronicles of Don Q.:** K. & H. Pritchard. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

Sketches of a Spanish brigand, noble by birth, full of sardonic humor, and prosecuting his trade without pity, although sometimes without inflicting either fine or violence, they are highly ingenious, often amusing, and more Spanish than English in humor and in ingenuity.

**Dialstone Lane:** W. W. Jacobs.  
*Scribner.* \$1.50.

The adventures of three men who attempt to find a buried treasure with very uncertain information as to its whereabouts, and with full knowledge that it has an owner. They become the victims of their own cupidity, losing their vessel, their time, and their money.

**Eighteen Miles from Home:**  
William T. Hodge. *Small.*  
\$1.00.

An ignorant rustic, fancying that he can recite and possibly act, joins a company of strollers, giving all his savings for the privilege, and soon finds himself in difficulties with the sheriff. The characters literally behave like lunatics or marionettes.

**Eliza:** Barry Pain. *Estes.* \$1.50.

The small quarrels of a husband and wife whose straitened circumstances keep them in a state of constant irritation are related with quiet humor, the husband being the narrator.

**Ellen and Mr. Man:** Gouverneur Morris. *Century.* \$1.25.

A delightful boy relates the story of his lonely life in the house of his strange father, and of the pretty aunt whom he discovers, plunging headlong into her affairs and, all unconsciously, producing remarkable effects.

**Emmanuel Burden, Merchant:**  
Hilaire Belloc. *Scribner.*  
\$1.50.

This satire uses the terms of profound respect to describe the



machinations by which a group of financiers entrap an honest British merchant, and use him to bait a snare for other honest men, until he rebels, endeavors to correct the wrong wrought through him, and dies. The workmanship of the book is admirable, but seems too elaborate for proper appreciation by the hasty reader.

**Far From the Maddening Girls :**  
Guy Wetmore Carryl. *McClure*. \$1.50.

The hero, desiring to exhibit himself as an intentional bachelor, builds a house in which no woman could live comfortably, and carefully explains himself and his home to the first girl whom he meets near it, with precisely the result to be expected.

**Fata Morgana:** Andre Castaigne.  
*Century*. \$1.50.

An unreal story of an acrobat and an American girl, and their relations with a Latin-quarter artist, and the ruler of a Utopian band of which the genius is the fairy, Morgana. The Duke hesitates and loses both. The artist is as happy as he deserves, but the atmosphere of the book is so thoroughly unwholesome that the reader is left entirely indifferent.

**Girl and the Kaiser:** Pauline Bradford Mackie. *Bobbs*. \$1.00.

The author makes the Kaiser seem vain and petty, but good enough to provide an excellent husband for the silly heroine, a German-American girl whom he encounters at the house of her uncle, a German admiral. The

girl's favored lover is a poor but handsome lieutenant, aware that he cannot marry, but not ashamed to compromise an innocent and ignorant girl, but she mourns over her separation from him as if it were genuine misfortune.

**Golden Bowl:** Henry James.  
*Scribner*. Two vols. \$2.50.

Unlimited conversation, carefully avoiding the subject supposed to be discussed, pervades this work. An American father and daughter, the latter married to a man who has once loved the step-mother, are uniformly unselfish and upright; the others are entirely selfish and unscrupulous, but it is only after hours of dialogue that their faults are revealed to their victims.

**Heart of Happy Hollow:** Paul Laurence Dunbar. *Dodd*. \$1.50.

The author describes the daily life in the small negro colonies of ordinary towns and cities, without either omitting or exaggerating the traits which the white man finds amusing. He takes pride in the sunny temper of his people.

**Highways and Byways of the South:** Clifton Johnson. *Macmillan*. \$2.00 net.

The Southern States lying between the Mississippi and the coast are separately described, a plan made necessary by the differences in the local ways of living originated in the days of slavery. The book is illustrated by a great number of photographs taken especially for it, and almost as instructive as the text.



**Hope Hathaway:** Frances Parker. *Clark*. \$1.50.

The heroine, a girl of the Far West, uses a gun as freely as a man, rides astride, and is admiringly regarded by her father, her cousin, and by an English sheep-farmer and peer. Neither her behavior nor her accomplishments prevent her marriage to the peer.

**House of Fulfilment:** George Madden Martin. *McClure*. \$1.50.

A man and woman, intimate friends in childhood, meet some twelve years later in Florida, where he has an orange-farm and whither she has brought her step-mother, an intemperate woman. Each watches the other's life with great contentment and admiration of its self-sacrifice, and in time they discover that they are living in "the house of fulfilment."

**Imported Americans:** Broughton Brandenburg. *Stokes*. \$1.50.

An interesting account of a systematic investigation of the condition of Italian immigrants at home, of their reasons for coming to this country, and of their adventures on the way. The author proposes a commission to conduct investigations in Italy, instead of waiting until time and money have been spent in coming hither before telling the immigrant to return. He and his wife made the voyage from Italy to the United States in the steerage.

**In the Closed Room:** Frances Hodgson Burnett. *McClure*. \$1.50.

A pretty book with a small square of print upon each decorated page telling part of a story about a small girl who saw ghosts, found unwithered flowers in rooms closed for years, and played with a mysterious child until she herself was found dead in a room left unopened since the death of its last occupant.

**Italian Villas and their Gardens:** Edith Wharton. *Century*. \$6.00 net.

Full-page colored pictures by Mr. Maxfield Parrish, and some of his black-and-white pictures illustrate beautifully written descriptions of gardens upon which art has exhausted itself. The pictures are the best of their sort made in this country.

**Japanese Romance:** Clive Holland. *Stokes*. \$1.50.

The rather stupid hero marries a Japanese girl, chiefly because an English girl has refused to marry him. His quick decline into indifference, his desertion of her, her suicide, and his remarriage are the chief elements of an ugly little story.

**Kate of Kate Hall:** Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

The fortunate heroine, having fallen in love with a man to whom her parents would object on the ground of inferiority, is so placed by the terms of a will that she must marry him or forfeit the money needed for the restoration

of the family prosperity. The book abounds in lively talk.

**Little Citizens:** Myra Kelly. *McClure*. \$1.50.

The personages mentioned in the title are the Polish and Russian Jews and Irish Catholics attending school together under the instruction of an Irish Catholic teacher. The little creatures are very interesting, and their teacher is a vigorous, sensible girl, but the tales are marred by the presence of one in which a priest is represented as marrying an unbaptized Jew and an Irish Catholic.

**Man on the Box:** Harold McGrath. *Bobbs*. \$1.50.

The man on the box takes the place to play a practical joke, and circumstances force him to keep in livery through a series of highly amusing adventures, closing with his successful wooing of the girl on the back seat.

**My Lady Laughter:** Dwight Tilton. *Clark*. \$1.50.

A story of the British occupation of Boston, with a Tory heroine having a Yankee lover, to whose politics the bad manners of certain of the British officers convert her. It is stiffly written, and much longer than is necessary.

**Nation's Idol:** Charles Felton Pidgin. *Altamus*. \$1.50.

The story of Franklin's mission to the Court of Louis XVI, and his long residence in France, is here blended with the progress of a Kentucky love story. So many extracts from Franklin's journals and letters are introduced

that the picture of him is fairly just.

**Old Gorgon Graham:** G. H. Lorimer. *Doubleday*. \$1.50.

The letters of a millionaire pork-packer to his son, who has amiably signified his willingness to take entire charge of the business while his father rests. The rough language neutralizes much of their common sense, partly by lack of intelligibility, partly because it is not necessary to the presentation of the writer's character.

**Poketown People:** Ella M. Tybout. *Lippincott*. \$1.50.

Stories of city negroes in their church relations, a topic which the author makes endlessly amusing without falling into any irreverence. It is not uncharitable, although it necessarily lacks the tender sympathy of "The Heart of Happy Hollow."

**Prodigal Son:** Hall Caine. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

The "prodigal" departs twice from his home, once on his wedding-journey, during which he forges his father-in-law's name to pay his sister-in-law's gambling debts, and again after his crime is discovered. His final return with the fortune needed to put an end to the suffering caused by his wrong-doing, and his death close the book. The story is very long and often wearisome, and over-weighted by inconsequent incidents.

**Rachel:** Ernest U. Smith. *Grafton Press*. \$1.50.

The heroine is supposed to be the wife of Japheth, and the

story is chiefly written to expound the writer's theory that the Garden of Eden was in South America, near the Land of Nod. Noah, his sons, his family, and Rachel herself, have the feelings and standards of twentieth-century Christians.

**Sabrina Warham:** Lawrence Houseman. *Longmans*. \$1.50.

The chief character is a stiff-necked farmer, utterly inaccessible to ideas of any sort, and equally unjust to his son and to the heroine. The tale ends happily, but is far too long.

**Talitha Cumi:** Annie J. Holland. *Lec.* \$1.50.

A Christian Science tract, embodying an advertisement of *Science and Health*. It is especially dangerous, because the heroine is a well-behaved child, not rude and selfish like Jewel.

**Thackeray's Letters to an American Family:** *Century*. \$1.50 *net*.

A series of gay, pleasant, light-hearted epistles written during the author's lecture tour in the United States and showing him at his kindest, if not always as his most brilliant self. They

are illustrated with a few pen-and-ink drawings and facsimiles, and make a book full of pleasant things.

**Tiger of Muscovy:** Fred. Wheshaw. *Longmans*. \$1.50.

The foolish heroine, piqued by the hero's apparent indifference, volunteers to go to Russia to take the place of the lady who has refused to fulfil Queen Elizabeth's promise that she shall be given as a bride to the mad Emperor Ivan. She escapes from the paw of the bear, but only by grace of the hero's bravery, and they live more happily than she deserves.

**Young Man in a Hurry:** Robert G. Chambers. *Harper*. \$1.50.

Ten short stories brilliantly written and generally humorous in scheme, although incidentally sober.

**Youth of Washington:** S. Weir Mitchell. *Century*. \$1.50.

All Washington's manuscripts and letters and half the memoirs of his time seem to have been used in the making of this book, which is marvellously real to the reader, making him forget the real author in the fancy that he reads Washington's own words.

## Juvenile.

**Adventures of Pinocchio:** Carlo Lorenzini.

By naughtiness a bad little marionette almost annihilates himself. As he learns wisdom he recovers his lost limbs, and the small reader is expected to take

the lesson to heart. [Five to ten.]

**Ark of 1803:** C. A. Stephens. *Barnes*. \$1.25.

The old-fashioned manner of conveying lumber from Ohio to

the Gulf is here described with an accompaniment of wholesome fiction. [Ten to fourteen.]

**Baby Elton, Quarter-back:** Leslie W. Quirk. *Century*. \$1.25.

The hero is not only quarter-back, but President of the Freshman class and an astute youth from whom a rash boy may learn caution. [Ten to fourteen.]

**Bobby and Bobinette:** Annie R. Talbot. *Caldwell*. \$0.75.

The adventures of a girl and boy in a quaint little shop kept by a spinster, her big doll and her dog, make the first half of the story; in the second, the girl and boy, grown up and married, find their old friend in poverty, and make a home for her.

**Boys of St. Timothy's:** Arthur Stanwood Pier. *Scribner*. \$1.25.

All kinds of athletic sports, and also debating flourish at St. Timothy's, and the book gives instruction in all. [Ten to twelve.]

**Brownies in the Philippines:** Palmer Cox. *Century*. \$1.50.

The Brownies visit all the islands, finding the natives in a state of warlike activity, which is pictured in the usual Brownie way.

**Buster Brown Abroad:** R. F. Outcault.

Brightly colored and ill-drawn pictures accompany the account of a disobedient boy's journey to Europe without the consent of his father and mother.

**Chatterbox for 1904:** Estes. \$1.75.

Short stories of school-life; a serial including an account of the eruption of Mont Pelée, historical sketches, puzzles, animal stories, many anecdotes, and six colored plates, and many pictures in black and white are included in a quarto printed in double columns. [Four to any age.]

**Chuggins:** H. Irving Hancock. *Altemus*. \$1.00.

A very small boy contrives, against all military discipline, to go to Santiago with the army, and does such good service that he is to be sent to West Point. [Eight to twelve.]

**Dandelion Cottage:** Carroll Watson Rankin.

The cottage is the playhouse of a group of little girls, whose adventures and amusements are perfectly innocent. A quarrelsome playmate interferes with them, but is properly punished.

**Gourd Fiddle:** Grace MacGowan Cooke. *Altemus*. \$1.00.

The friendless hero having no money to buy a violin makes one from a gourd and teaches himself to play upon it so well that he is engaged to make one of a band of musicians and plays before Queen Victoria. [Eight to any age.]

**Happy Heart Family:** Virginia Gersen. *Fox*.

The pictured doings of a kindly little family, drawn as hearts provided with heads, hands,



and feet, are accompanied by a pretty story. [Five to ten.]

**Hobby Hoss Fair:** A. L. Janson. *Caldwell*. \$1.50.

The animals seen at the fair are pictured in colors, and described in brief acrostics, amusingly drafted. [Four to eight.]

**Isle of Black Fire:** Howard R. Garis. *Lippincott*. \$1.50.

The report of an island in which a great mass of radium is preserved in a temple causes an American expedition to be fitted out to explore it, and amazing adventures and some horrible incidents follow. The story is too horrible for young readers, although very clever.

**King of Kinkiddie:** Raymond Fuller Ayers.

Burlesques of fairy stories, illustrated with pictures of kindred humor, adapted to boys rather than to girls. [Ten to twelve.]

**Little Colonel:** Annie Fellows Johnston. *Page*. \$1.50.

This holiday edition of the first Little Colonel book has colored pictures, and very pretty marginal decorations in green. [Eight to twelve.]

**Little Gray House:** Marion Ames Taggart. *McClure*. \$1.25.

An excellent story of three sisters, of their gaiety and poverty, their clever sayings, of their brave little mother, and of the manner in which one of the girls redeems the family fortune. [Twelve to any age.]

**Little Miss Joy Sing:** John Luther Long. *Altemus*. \$1.00.

A Japanese story of the transformations through which a little girl learns to be contented. [Ten to any age.]

**Little Royalties:** Isabel McDougal.

The queen of Richard II, the children of Edward IV, Edward VI, the children of Charles I, the Dauphin of the Temple, and the King of Rome are pictured in this book and described in pleasant sketches. [Ten to twelve.]

**Looking for Alice:** Walter Burgess Smith. *Lothrop*. \$1.25.

The small Harriet goes down a well to find "Alice" and meets many wonderland creatures, but awakens to discover that Alice lives only in the book. [Eight to twelve.]

**Nelson's Yankee Boy:** F. H. Costello.

The hero voluntarily serves in the British navy to save some friends impressed with him from the same fate and thus it happens that he is with Nelson on the victory at Trafalgar. [Ten to fifteen.]

**Quilt that Jack Built:** Annie Fellows Johnston. *Page*. \$0.50.

Two stories, the first showing the strength of a good impression received in early life, the second illustrating three ways of working.

**Running the River:** George Cary Eggleston.

Two enterprising youths, being left orphans early in the nineteenth century, resolve to make the long journey down the Mississippi, and on their way note many curious sights and learn much of the condition of the country in those days. [Ten to fifteen.]

**Sandman Rhymes:** Willard Bonte. Caldwell. \$1.25.

The scissors, the chocolate drop, the sponge cake, and the needle, and other incongruous objects, hold conversations in

absurd verse, and are pictured in brilliantly colored plates.

**Under the Mikado's Flag:** Edward Stratemeyer.

The Japanese side of the war is shown and Japanese opinion is reflected in this story, which ends at the battle of Liao-Yang. [Ten to twelve.]

**What Paul Did:** Etheldred B. Barry. Estes. \$0.50.

The courage of a little cripple who teaches himself how to draw in order to aid his hard-working father, is the chief topic of a very pretty, tenderly told story. [Eight to ten.]

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## Literary Chat.

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*The Gospel of the Childhood of our Lord Jesus Christ*, published by the Scott-Thaw Co. (New York), is a sort of composite work of certain apocryphal fragments which were current in the early ages among the new converts to Christianity, and frequently served as legendary supplements to the inspired writings. They do not all enjoy in equal measure either historical authenticity or entire freedom from text corruption. But they embody a common tradition which holds a mixture of truth, of pious credulity, and of odd misconception. The modern reader whose experience in older fields of literature is limited, may be tempted to take scandal at some of the stories, especially when they touch cherished beliefs which have come to him in the clarified condition of subsequent teaching in the Church. The story of Christ's Infancy here told is nevertheless one that was no doubt accepted in earlier ages, and one that kept its hold on the imagination even during the ages of faith, as is clearly shown in many works of mediæval art. Alice Meynell, our gifted and spiritual Catholic essayist, fully realizes this as she shows in her preface to the little volume, which contains the Latin and English on opposite pages. The text, which Mr. Copley Green translates very well, was found by him in an old monastery, and is probably the product of what Bible students call a harmony of several existing apocryphal "Gospels of the Childhood of Jesus," made by some good monk, who had before him the now lost "Books of St. Peter" which Innocent I, and in a way Tertullian, Origen, and Eusebius mention in their writings. The student of the early Christian ages and of early Christian art will understand the crude views which are to be found in these narrations of facts intended to edify the simple reader to whom things presented themselves in the imperfect light of traditions not free from error.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard is a good psychologist, and he has the name of being a hard critic. In his various articles on methods in our Universities he has given American faddists in education some wholesome facts to reflect upon, particularly with reference to the value of the pretended scholastic attainments of our Colleges in general. But his latest book, *The Americans* (McClure, Phillips & Co.), shows that he is not at heart a pessimist. The volume is intended for German students of our conditions and was originally written in their language; for Dr. Münsterberg believes that true Americans and true Germans make natural and excellent allies in all that is high-minded, beautiful, and efficient. He realizes the superiority of American methods, admires the directness of our aims, our sense of the fitness of things, and that habit of expeditiousness which disregards all formalism and pedantry in the accomplishment of a task. There is a certain lack, he thinks, of broad culture and of a certain ability to get a true perspective in judging of historical conditions which belong to other generations and places, but apart from this, every feature of our culture indicates freshness, optimism, clear and forcible views of things, and a certain all-pervading humor which renders the struggle toward perfection comparatively easy and agreeable.

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Those who are amazed at the existence of an anti-Catholic political ministry in France holding sway over a nation which professes the Catholic religion through the vast majority of its voters, may find some explanation of the fact in the existence of a "secret fund" which serves the party in power not only to secure the electoral control but to make public opinion. The "secret fund appropriations" are a regular and "legitimate" item of the annual financial budget; for there must be provision made for certain agencies whose workings, for reasons of State, may not be divulged, and whose expenses or accounts are therefore kept from the public. Since the Government has discretion in the use and distribution of such funds it comes to pass that much of it goes to officials who superintend the elections, which includes the secret political, military, and judicial police. These exercise their power much as our political ward-lords do, only that they are better protected by the supreme courts, to which appeals must in the last instance be made. A second portion of the "secret fund" is used to subsidize certain influential newspapers; these are expected to do in any government crisis what the national press is prompted to do in war, that is, announce only "victories," defend the ministry, misrepresent the opposition,—in short, help the party in power to maintain its position by suitable despatches and editorials at home and in "correspondence" abroad. In this way the true condition of things is entirely obscured. Besides the "Secret Press Fund" there is a fund of "particular grants" to cover emergencies. Hence exists a ministry hostile to the interests of the people from whose will the electors are supposed to derive their office. An American "political campaign fund" is a voluntary contribution to all intents; a French or national political campaign fund is obtained by regular taxation under the name of "maintenance of the republic"; the citizen does not know how his taxes are applied, and if he did, his protesting voice would avail nothing in a bureaucratic government where a police system exists which can set aside all appeals by a use of traditional penal force. The subject of the *Secret Fund* distribution is ably discussed by M. Jean Bernard in the *Indépendance Belge*. (Cf. *Public Opinion*, December 22, 1904.)

The *Life of Pope Pius X*, by Monsignor Anton de Waal, rector of the Campo Santo, has been translated into English by Fr. Joseph Berg, of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. What we said in noticing the original some months ago is of course true of the present version. It gives us a pleasant glimpse, especially of the boyhood and student life of the present Pope, from which we may form an agreeable impression as to those natural sympathies which shape the actions of the man in power. The volume makes an excellent *souvenir*, although it can hardly pretend to anything like an historical monument. The life of Pius X will be the work of his Pontificate, and all the antecedent details are merely preludes to the biography which must have time to mature its central image, however confident may be the hopes we all entertain regarding the acts of the High Priest whose aim is to restore all things in Christ. (The M. H. Wiltzius Co.)

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The *Revue Ecclesiastique* of Valleyfield notes a curious contrast between the policy of the ministry of Public Instruction in the province of Alsace-Lorraine under the German and French rules respectively. Whilst the French ministry, which formerly exercised jurisdiction over this part of the country, now holds it an offence punishable by law to teach religion in the common schools, the German authorities impose a rigorous fine upon parents who neglect to send their children to the religious instruction class preparatory to First Communion. A case of appeal in the Courts recently shows the attitude of the German Government on the subject. A laborer's child in the Commune of Ars-sur-Moselle had failed to attend the Catechism class seventeen times during the term; whereupon the Mayor condemned him to pay a fine for non-compliance with the obligations of the law of school attendance. Upon this the father, himself only a nominal Catholic, appealed to the City Council, which acquitted him on the plea that the Catechism class was not a part of the obligatory primary instruction demanded by the law. But the Superior Courts, to whom the Mayor appealed in the case, reversed the local decision, and insisted on the fine being paid. At the same time it declared that "the attendance at the Catechism class preparatory to First Communion must be considered as obligatory, according to the law of 1871." In the course of the defence the workman had declared that he was willing to make a Protestant of his child; this drew from the judge the following reply: "You may make your child a Protestant or a Jew, if you prefer, but in the meantime you will be held to give him the necessary religious instruction which is part of the educational programme of the school."

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The spirit of historical inquiry is growing in all parts of the country, and Catholic parish histories published from time to time under the auspices of diocesan or literary societies contribute no inconsiderable share to the information which incidentally describes the industrial and educational progress of our people. A recent addition to this field, and of considerable importance to the historical student of culture in New England, is the memorial volume of the one hundredth anniversary of Holy Cross Church in Boston. That church was the mother of the present Cathedral, was, in fact, for more than fifty years, the Bishop's parish church. Its school, which was opened in 1820, was the first Catholic school in New England, and around its sanctuary cluster the most illustrious names in the annals of Catholic America during the past century, from Archbishop Carroll, who dedicated it in 1803,



to John Williams, who graces it with undiminished dignity in the spirit of his great predecessors—Cheverus, Fenwick, and Fitzpatrick. The volume is published by the New England Catholic Historical Society, 1904.

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*Biblische Zeitschrift*, the new organ of "Biblical Studies," founded two years ago by members of the Catholic Faculty in the University of Munich, opens its eighth number with an excellent interpretation of the narrative of the Tower of Babel (Gen. 2: 1-9) by Dr. O. Happel. The author departs, on critical grounds, from the traditional literal sense of the passage, and shows that the "tower" stands for civic unity attempted in the foundation of a great commonwealth made up of different nomadic tribes seeking to establish a central capital in the plain of Sinear. The Cistercian Father Erasmus Nagl (Vienna) reopens the question which Dr. Belser seemed to have settled, regarding the duration of our Lord's public life. He maintains, however, the 7th of April, 783 A.U.C., or the year 30 of our Era, as the date of Christ's death. The two volumes of the *Zeitschrift* thus far published (B. Herder, \$3.50, four numbers a year) represent a fair amount of Biblical matter, treated from the viewpoint of recent criticism and Catholic scholarship, which we must gradually assimilate, although much of it appears to be contrary to old traditions. These traditions are not to be confounded with the teaching or authority of the Church, even though they are deeply rooted in popular belief, because there has not until recently been made any attempt to view them in an historical light.

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Dr. Charles Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University, suggests (*Harper's*) the possibility of our leading colleges forming "trusts" in educational commodities. Applied to higher education the system would mean the best use of endowments by controlling the financial investments of the separate institutions of learning united under one management; and it would likewise call out all the resources of different teaching staffs and the student bodies. Among Catholics the system of separate Religious Orders would naturally prevent such amalgamation of colleges, except in the manner of their being grouped around some central university, such as that at Washington. Still there is no reason why eminent and tried professors of one institution should not be called upon to give courses in their specialties to students of another institution by an arrangement of terms which would permit a regular succession of teachers.

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The *Early English Text Society* is just forty years in existence. It was started by Dr. Furnivall of England for the purpose of bringing the immense treasures of forgotten Old English literature within the reach of the modern student. Looking over the work that the Society has thus far done one is struck by the amount of Catholic publications contained in the list of reprints and first editions of MSS. It is certainly humiliating to find that with all our clamoring about what the Catholic clergy and the early monastic institutes did for literary culture, there are hardly any representatives of either body among those who promote to-day the revival of this culture which should be most our own care and prerogative. Dr. Furnivall himself began the work by publishing the fifteenth century text of *Arthur Wright's Chaste Wife*, a collection of *political, religious and love poems; Hymns to the Virgin and*

*Christ, Parliament of Devils, the Stations of Rome, Early English Meals and Manners, Lovelich's History of the Holy Grail, Caxton's Book of Curtesye, etc.* Besides these interesting publications the Society has on its list numerous Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Homilies, Lives of Saints, Ailred's Rule of Nuns, Monastic Diaries, etc., to be edited and annotated by Protestant commentators because competent Catholic editors are for the most part not accessible, if there be any.

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During a recent convention of American educators at Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.), Professor Coe, of that institution, speaking of the necessity of religious education and of the public school as a conserving element of honorable citizenship, said: "A school that ignores religion, though the purpose be simply that of being neutral, cultivates a divided self in the pupil. A school that develops a purely secular consciousness violates the whole principle of continuity in education; it represents in aggravated form the isolation of the school from life and from other educational agencies. It does more than that. For to develop a purely secular consciousness is not to remain neutral toward religion, but to oppose it by setting up a set of rival standards. In a word, there is not, and there cannot be, a school that, in its influence upon its pupils, is neutral with respect to religion. In some way, then, our State schools must coöperate with home and church, else our educational system is no system at all, but only a truce between rival clans." This is strong, yet true, language. Professor Coe proposes that the Bible be read in the schools, at least such passages of it as appeal to the common consciousness of the people. We do not believe that this either meets his own objection against the irreligiosity of neutral schools, or lessens the danger of bigotry. Religion is not inculcated by merely reading the Bible; it must pervade the entire teaching and aid in the education of character, as is done in the Catholic school.

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Dom Raphael Molitor, a member of the Benedictine Abbey at Beuren, famous for its school of Christian art, has written a pamphlet entitled "Our Position; A Word in Reference to the Plain Chant Question," which is published simultaneously in English and German (Pustet). In this brochure of about fifty pages the author answers some of the objections of critics who would persuade the musical world that the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X cannot be carried out unless we conjure up very extraordinary conditions; and that in any case nothing should be done until we have the new Vatican edition of the Gregorian Chant books being presently prepared by the Commission at Rome. Dom Molitor, who is of course in entire sympathy with his Benedictine brothers of the Solesmes school, shows us by illustration what the Vatican edition is likely to be, and how little it will differ essentially from the Gregorian or Plain Chant, which has been used successfully in Germany. He points out the advantages of a uniform style of chanting the liturgical offices which are likely to result from the obligatory use of the Vatican edition; and he shows that the ancient melodies are by no means so very difficult as is generally assumed.

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*Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church*, by P. Brewster, is an illustrated volume published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York, giving a good survey of the Christian symbolism which marked the mediæval calendar series of the

Catholic Church. There is also a "Chronological List of the Bishops and Popes of the Christian Church from the Death of St. Peter," and an "Alphabetical Index of Canonized Saints and Others." Singularly enough, the book comes from an author who is not in communion with the Catholic Church; although there is nothing in its pages distinctly to indicate Protestant views.

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## Books Received.

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### THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

DIE PARABELN DES HERRN IM EVANGELIUM exegetisch und praktisch erläutert von Leopold Fonck, S.J., Dr. theol. et phil., ord. Professor der Theologie an der Universität Innsbruck. Zweite, vielfach verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. (Drittes und viertes Tausend.) Mit Guttheissung der kirchlichen Obrigkeit und einem Geleitwort des hochwürdigsten Bischofs von Rottenburg. Innsbruck: Fel. Rauch (K. Pustet); Regensburg, Rom, New York, und Cincinnati: Fried. Pustet. 1904. Pp. 903. Preis, \$2.15.

VERA SAPIENTIA, or True Wisdom. Translated from the Latin of Thomas à Kempis by the Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, D.D., V.G., Adelaide, South Australia. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 204.

THE GOSPEL APPLIED TO OUR TIMES. A Sermon for every Sunday in the Year. By the Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 473. Price, \$2.00

PERFECT CONTRITION. A Golden Key of Heaven for all Good Christian People. By the Rev. J. Von den Driesch. With Preface by the Rev. A. Lehmkuhl, S.J. Translated by the Rev. J. Slater, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 31. Price, each, \$0.05; per dozen, \$0.45.

PROGRESS IN PRAYER. Translated from *Instructions Spirituelles* par le R. P. Caussade, S.J., by L. V. Sheehan. Adapted and edited with an Introduction by the Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 178. Price, \$0.75.

SONGS OF THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. With Illustrations by Albrecht Dürer. Nelson, N. H.: The Monadnock Press. 1904. Pp. 81. Price, boards, \$0.50 net; leather, \$1.00 net.

EL AVERROISMO TEOLÓGICO DE STO. TOMÁS DE AQUINO. Extracto del homenaje A. D. Francesco Codera. En su jubilación del profesorado. Miguel Asín y Palacios. 1904. Pp. 331.

THE GOSPEL OF THE CHILDHOOD OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. With Original Text of the Manuscript at the Monastery of St. Wolfgang. Translated from the Latin by Henry Copley Greene. An Introduction by Alice Meynell, and a Cover and Illustrations by Carlos Schwabe. New York: Scott-Thaw Co.; London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. 1904. Pp. 272. Price, \$1.25 net.



THE PULPIT ORATOR. Containing Seven Elaborate Skeleton Sermons, or Homiletic, Dogmatical, Liturgical, Symbolical, and Moral Sketches for every Sunday of the Year. Also Elaborate Skeleton Sermons for the Chief Festivals and other occasions. By the Rev. John Ev. Zollner. Translated and adapted by the Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B. With Preface by the Rev. A. A. Lambing. Tenth revised edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fred. Pustet & Co. 1904. Price, \$12.00 for the complete set, six volumes, bound.

## PHILOSOPHY.

DIE MODERNE BIOLOGIE und die Entwicklungstheorie. Von Erich Wasmann, S.J. Zweite, vermehrte Auflage. Mit Illustrationen. Freiburg Brisg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 328. Price, \$1.25.

AUS HÖRSAAL UND SCHULSTUBE. Gesammelte kleinere Schriften zur Erziehungs- und Unterrichtslehre. Von Dr. Otto Willmann. Freiburg Brisg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 328. Price, \$1.30.

AGREEMENT OF EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY. By Samuel Louis Phillips, A.B., Princeton, author of *The Testimony of Reason*, etc. Washington, D. C.: The Phillips Company. 1904. Pp. x—197. Price, \$1.00.

SOCIALISM. Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application. By Victor Cathrein, S.J. Authorized Translation of the Eighth German Edition; with Special Reference to the Condition of Socialism in the United States. Revised and enlarged by Victor F. Gettelmann, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 424. Price, \$1.50 net.

## HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE REDEMPTORISTS AT ANNAPOLIS, MD., from 1853 to 1903. With a Short Historical Sketch of the Preceding One Hundred and Fifty Years of Catholicity in the Capital of Maryland. Written by a Redemptorist Father. Illustrated. Ilchester, Md.: College Press. 1904. Pp. 253.

CHRISTOPH GEWOLD. Ein Beitrag zur Gelehrten-geschichte der Gegenreformation und zur Geschichte des Kampfes um die pfälzische Kur. Von Dr. Anton Dürnwächter, Professor am Kgl. Lyceum in Bamberg. Freiburg im Breisg., Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 134. Price, \$0.70 net.

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, BOSTON. Published by the New England Catholic Historical Society: Boston. 1904. Pp. 143.

THE MIDDLE AGES. Sketches and Fragments. By the V. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., Professor in the Catholic University. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 432. Price, \$2.00.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES OF PENNSYLVANIA. Held at St. James' Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., June 28—29, 1904. Pp. 41.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES. Held at Detroit, Mich., August 2, 3, 4, 1904. Pp. 115.



## EDUCATIONAL.

OUR RIGHTS AND DUTIES AS CATHOLICS AND AS CITIZENS. A Lecture by Hon. Wm. J. Onahan. Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 19. Price, \$0.05.

OUR POSITION. A Word in Reference to the Plain Chant Question. In View of the Recent Pronouncements of Pius X and the Congregation of Sacred Rites. By Dom Raphael Molitor, O.S.B., of Beuron Abbey. Translated from the German. Ratisbon, Rome, New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet. 1904. Pp. 55.

THE MEANING OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. An Essay in Interpretation. By Condé Benoist Pallen, LL.D., author of "The Philosophy of Literature," "Epochs of Literature," "The Feast of Thalarchus," "The Death of Sir Launcelot," etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company. 1904. Pp. 115.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DEAF MUTE'S FRIEND. Family Library. Vol. 8, Book 3. Belohnte Wohlthätigkeit von Ad. Kolping, und andere Erzählungen für die reifere Jugend und das Volk. Herausgegeben zum Besten armer Taubstummen von M. M. Gerend, Rector der St. Johannes Taubstummen-Anstalt zu St. Francis, Wis.

THE WATERS OF LETHE. By Lida L. Coghlan. With Illustrations by Clara M. Coghlan. Baltimore and New York: The John Murphy Company. 1904. Pp. ix-310. Price, \$1.25.

TWENTY-NINE CHATS AND ONE SCOLDING. By the Rev. Fred, C. O'Neill. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1905. Pp. 291. Price \$0.75.

LITTLE FOLKS ANNUAL, 1905. A pretty selection of prettily illustrated stories for the young. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 84. Price, \$0.10.

SHADOWS LIFTED. A Sequel to St. Cuthbert's. By Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J., author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert's," etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 262. Price, \$0.85.

FABIOLA, or the Church of the Catacombs. A tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 324. Price, \$0.25 (paper cover).

LAKE MONONA. An Episode of the Summer School; and other tales. By M. A. Navarette. Milwaukee, Wis.: The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1904. Pp. 209. Price, \$0.85.





